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THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

CONTENTS:—AUGUST, 1867.

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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.*

MRS. WEBB is interested in preserving, or in giving currency to the memorials, not very well known, of the early Quaker families, interesting apostles of the Society of Friends. We believe few biographic records are less known, and few deserve to be better known; among the Protestant lives of the saints they hold a very distinguished and remarkable place. They have not won a large amount of attention from their fellow Protestants, yet few of the stories of Protestant religious heroism are more delightful and, sometimes, even sublimely romantic to read. Some of the pieces of autobiography preserved to us are among the most simply delightful which the story of the Church has given to us. The old folio of William Sewell, originally written in Low Dutch, and by himself translated into English, tells the story of the Quakers' rise and progress, certainly without any of the special graces of literature, but not the less on that account entertaining and instructive. The journal of George Fox stands almost alone as a remarkable and intense apostolic biography; the little biography of Thomas Ellwood lets a distinct if not always pleasant light in upon the deeds of those persecuting times. Mrs. Webb refers to it, and quotes from it in the present volume at considerable length: but, as the title implies, it is principally with the united families of the Penns and the Peningtons that she concerns herself in the little book before us. Isaac Penington, of whom probably few of

* *The Penns and Peningtons of the Seventeenth Century, in their Religious and Domestic Life; Illustrated by Original Family Letters. Also Incidental Notices of their friend Thomas Ellwood, with some of his Unpublished Verses.* By Maria Webb. Bennett, 5, Bishopgate Street, Without.

our readers have heard, was the great mystic of the Society of Friends; perhaps if George Fox may be described as the Paul, and William Penn as the Peter, he was as the John of the Society. As we turn over the pages of the folio which enshrines and preserves his spirit to us, it is impossible not to feel that with much that seems dim and indefinite, the whole is so suffused in the light of the delectable mountains, so haloed over with the glory of that spirit which is life and peace, that while we often miss the distinctness and definiteness of Robert Barclay, it is impossible for the reader to read and not be carried along by the emotions of tenderness, the deep and real experience, of the writer. Like so many of the early Friends, Isaac Penington was well connected in his various family relationships, he was the son of a well-known Alderman Penington, a London merchant of considerable mark, who in his day had been Lord Mayor, and what was more, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, and one of the commissioners of the high court of justice for the trial of Charles the First, although he did not sign the warrant for his execution; he also received the honour of Knighthood from the Speaker of the House of Commons, and in 1649 was made a member of the Council of State. He seems to have been a popular, wealthy, and democratic politician, and his career shows us what opportunities for personal aggrandisement might have opened up to his eldest son Isaac, had he chosen to avail himself of them. To him, however, ambitions of altogether another order presented themselves, to live to and for Christ, and to use the property and position of which he became inheritor for the purpose of drawing men nearer to the light of the heavenly kingdom, and especially for the purpose of living beneath the influence of that light as far as he realised it himself. In this endeavour he had to suffer in taking up a very heavy cross, sometimes enduring imprisonment for Christ's sake, and sometimes the loss of worldly property, and always the loss of worldly estimation. His course was soon determined on, he was a young man when he renounced the life of ordinances prescribed in Puritan observances, and began to walk in what he considered the free life and light of spiritual truth. His marriage has many tints of that romantic colouring about it which is often to be seen in the marriage of the saintly people of that day; he married Lady Springett; she was the only child of Sir John Proude, and the young widow of Sir William Springett, a staunch Puritan soldier. Sir William Springett had his family connections in the county of Sussex; and in Rinmer Church, in that county, there is a mural monument erected to his memory. He was taken ill at Arundel while there, after he had assisted

in taking the castle in the seige it endured from the Parliamentary party. He was one of those indomitable soldiers of the covenant, who certainly carried Puritanism to its utmost height—he was, in fact, a thorough Puritan Iconoclast, and the priestly vestments, the stained glass of the old churches, the crosses, and what were regarded as the idolatrous monuments of the old tombs, were all, where he had the opportunity, remorselessly shivered before his canon or his spear. He died at Arundel, his grief-stricken wife (both she and her husband were quite young) gave birth sometime afterwards to a little girl, who was called by a feminine adaptation of her father's name, Gulielma Springett. Lady Springett and her husband seem to have anticipated the views preached and maintained many years afterwards by George Fox, with reference not only to infant baptism, but the whole doctrine of baptisms and ordinances; recovering from the shock of her husband's death, she devoted herself to a life of holy charity. For some time she continued an Independent, and had an Independent minister in her house; great part of her fortune she devoted in surgery for the poor; from hundreds of miles round, it is said, the afflicted flocked to her, and continued sometimes many months beneath her active benevolence and care. With all this, the sects of the day confused her, and at last, she abandoned all outward relationship to religious forms; none satisfied her; her spirit was in intense distress, she cried to God in her soul, "If I may not come to Thee as a child because I have not the spirit of sonship, yet Thou art my creator, and as Thy creature I cannot breathe or move without Thee, help is only to be had from Thee; if thou art inaccessible in Thine own glory, and I can only get help where it is to be had, and Thou only hast power to help me, what am I to do?" Fashionable recreations sometimes claimed her, concerning which she says:—

"I was not hurried into those follies by being captivated by them, but from not having found in religion what I had sought and longed after. I would often say within myself, what are they all to me? I could easily leave all this; for it hath not my heart, it is not my delight, it hath not power over me. I had rather serve the Lord, if I could indeed feel and know that which would be acceptable to Him. One night in my country retirement I went to bed very sad and disconsolate, and that night I dreamed I saw a book of hieroglyphics of religion respecting things to come in the Church, or religious state. I dreamed that I took no delight at all in them; and felt no closing of my mind with them, but turned away greatly oppressed. It being evening, I went out from the company into the open air, and lifting up mine eyes to the heavens I cried out, 'Lord, suffer me no more to fall in with any

false way, but show me the truth.' Immediately I thought the sky opened, and a bright light like fire fell upon my hand, which so frightened me that I awoke, and cried out. When my daughter's maid (who was in the chamber) came to the bed-side to see what was the matter with me, I trembled a great time after I was awakened."

It was while in this state she met with Isaac Penington; neither of them had, as yet, known anything of the people who were afterwards called the Quakers, excepting to despise them as those who indulged in wild and unsubstantial vagaries in religion; but there was a correspondence in their religious desires and hopes, which became the foundation of religious rest to them, and of mutual confidence. Religion was the home of Isaac Penington, and his heart was occupied in seeking the life of righteousness, which is also joy and peace. In a letter addressed many years after to her daughter Gulielma, she says:—

"In the condition I have mentioned, of weary seeking and not finding, I married my dear husband Isaac Penington. My love was drawn to him because I found he saw the deceit of all mere notions about religion; he lay as one that refused to be comforted until He came to His temple 'who is truth and no lie.' All things that had only the *appearance* of religion were very manifest to him, so that he was sick and weary of show, and in this my heart united with him, and a desire was in me to be serviceable to him in this his desolate condition; for he was as one alone, and felt miserable in the world. I gave up much to be a companion to him. And, oh! the secret groans and cries that were raised in me, that I might be visited of the Lord, and brought to a clear knowledge of His truth and way; that my feet might be turned into that way before I went hence, even if I never should take one step in it that would bring joy or peace; yet that I might assuredly know myself to be in it, even if my time were spent in sorrow.

"I resolved never to go back into those formal things I had left, having found death and darkness in them; but would rather be without a religion until the Lord manifestly taught me one. Many times, when alone, did I reason thus:—'Why should I not know the way of Divine life? For if the Lord would give me all in this world, it would not satisfy me.' 'Nay,' I would cry out, 'I care not for a portion in this life; give it to those that care for it; I am miserable with it. It is acceptance with God, of which I once had a sense, that I desire, and that alone can satisfy me.'

Thus they married. Lady Springett was at this time, nearly ten years after her husband's death, about thirty, and Isaac Penington about thirty-eight years of age. They fixed their residence at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, that well known Chalfont, which is always associated with the name of Milton.

Soon afterwards it was, that while retaining affectionate regards to the Puritan party, they attached themselves to the first distinct teachers of the Society of Friends, among whom, henceforth, Penington became a distinguished preacher and writer, and for whose principles he became, if not a chief, yet a considerable sufferer. Those principles separated him in feeling, and in some measure, in society from his father; but his father's days of brightness were all numbered; the king, Charles II., returned to England. Our readers will remember his fine words in his proclamation of Breda, "Let all our subjects, how faulty soever, *rely upon the word of a king*, solemnly given by this present declaration, that no crime whatsoever committed against us, or our royal father, before the publication of this, shall ever rise in judgment, or be brought in question against any of them, to the least endamage-ment of them, either in their lives, liberties, or estates, as far as lies in our power, or so much as the prejudice of their reputations." Of the original members of the High Court of Justice, which condemned the late King, forty-eight were still living; twenty-nine of them had no faith in the word of a king, and they fled abroad, or hastened to secrete themselves. Alderman Penington was one to whom "the word of the King" meant something that could be trusted; he was instantly thrown into the Tower, to be imprisoned for life; his estates were confiscated; his seat, called the Sharloes, was given by Charles II. to the Duke of Grafton; other portions of his property to the Bishop of Worcester. He died shortly after in 1661, in the Tower, from whence his body was given up to his relations. So much for the "word of a king."

Mrs. Webb has reprinted a large portion of the little biography of Thomas Ellwood, who was a friend of the Peningtons, and a tutor in the family, and over whom the eyes of the bright young girl Gulielma seemed to have exercised a witchery not favourable to the young man's peace. He received however, the fullest confidence from her parents, and no inconsiderable amount of respect and regard from herself. He says:—

"She was openly and secretly sought and solicited by many, some of almost every rank and condition, good and bad, rich and poor, friend and foe. To whom, in their respective turns, till he at length came for whom she was reserved, she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom, guarded with the strictest modesty, that, as it gave encouragement or ground of hope to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

He "for whom she was reserved" was at this time unknown to

her, although about the same age. William Penn was the son of one of the strong English admirals of that time; he had seen a great deal of service, and won all the highest honours of his profession, especially in the Restoration, and of course looked to his eldest son William to bear up the family dignity, in a very different manner to that by which he achieved for himself a fame and eminence, much greater even than his father's. He was quite a lad when he was first impressed by the preaching of the Quaker, Thomas Loe: he was expelled the University, for refusing to wear the college cap and gown, maintaining the absurdity of religious persecution, and especially for asserting his belief in the despised doctrines of Quakerism. When he returned home after this, his father flogged him, condemned him to solitary confinement, and when these gentle arguments were found to be quite unequal to touch the religious conviction of the youth, the more worldly wise plan of travel was determined upon. By his father's introductions he was able to float through the brilliant scenes of the Paris of that day; he stayed in the elegant chateaux of the French nobles, the ducal palaces of Northern Italy. Other ideas were kindled in the mind, and he returned to England with very few of the traces of a Friend; so far from it, his remarkably handsome carriage was invested with all the graceful bearing of a young cavalier, and his conversation was lightened by the dignity and information derived from his travel. But his father sent him on some military expedition to Ireland, and while there he again heard his old instructor, Thomas Loe, preach. At a Friends' meeting in Cork he was arrested, thrown into prison, and although immediately liberated by his friend, the Earl Ossory, his life and principles were, by this event, distinctly and finally fixed. Returning to England, all his father's arguments proved now unavailing to shake him; he was soon thrown into prison, and from thence, the Tower, he published his famous book, remarkable for the extent of its reading in so young a man; his *No Cross, No Crown*. His father was only in the very prime of life; but he exhibits much of that hot-headed wilfulness which we associate rather with very old men; he sought to rule his son after the manner of the articles of war. On the first morning after his return, his father arranged that he should go out with him in the carriage, as the son supposed to be carried to court, perhaps to try how far courtly ways, or kingly words, might avail with him, for the admiral stood high in estimation with king and courtiers.

“When the morning came, they went in the coach together, without William knowing where they were going, till the coachman was ordered

to drive into the Park. Thus he found his father's intent was to have private discourse with him. He commenced by asking him what he could think of himself, after being trained up in learning and courtly accomplishments, nothing being spared to fit him to take the position of an ambassador at foreign courts, or that of a minister at home, that he should now become a Quaker. William told him that it was in obedience to the manifestation of God's will in his conscience, but that it was a cross to his own nature. He also reminded him of that former meeting in Cork, and told him that he believed he was himself at that time convinced of the truth of the doctrine of the Quakers; only that the grandeur of the world had been felt to be a too great sacrifice to give up. After more discourse they turned homewards. They stopped at a tavern on the way, where Sir William ordered a glass of wine." On entering a room on this pretext, he immediately locked the door. Father and son were now face to face, under the influence of stern displeasure on the one hand, and on the other, prayerful feeling to God for strength rightly to withstand or bear what was coming. William remembering his early experience on returning from Oxford, expected something desperate. The thought arose that the admiral was going to cane him. But, instead of that, the father, looking earnestly at him, and laying his hands down on the table, solemnly told him he was going to kneel down to pray to Almighty God that his son might not be a Quaker, and that he might never again go to a Quaker meeting. William, opening the casement, declared that before he would listen to his father putting up such a prayer to God, he would leap out of the window. At that time a nobleman was passing the tavern in his coach, and observing Sir William at the door, he alighted. Being directed to the room in which father and son were together, his knock came in time to arrest the catastrophe. He had evidently heard of William's return, and of the admiral's high displeasure. After saluting the former, the MS. says that "he turned to the father, and told him he might think himself happy in having a son who could despise the grandeur of the world, and refrain from the vices which so many were running into."

Such was the young man "reserved," as Thomas Ellwood describes it, for Gulielma Springett, and it was about this very time that at a Friend's house, he was introduced to her. He, it would seem, was homeless, for his father, in a rage, told him to pack up his clothes and begone from his house as he should not remain there any longer; he also told him, that he should dispose of his estates to them that pleased him better. The story of his life now ran along for some time in trouble; Isaac Penington too, found a long discipline of imprisonment, during which many of those pieces which are gathered together in the posthumous folio proceeded from his pen. William Penn's battles with magistrates and recorders, against their tyranny and illegality, are among the most famous things in that way we possess. Especially one long and famous conflict he held with the Lord Mayor and recorder, concerning a flawed indictment.

In the midst of these conflicts, his father died, and it is pleasing to know that without being converted to the views of his son, the tough old admiral seems to have come to a good understanding with him ; in the light of his son's elevated consistency he came to regard his own life with what we may call, some sublime dissatisfaction ; in a later edition of *No Cross, No Crown*, Penn recites his father's dying words.

"Son William, I am weary of the world ! I would not live over my days again if I could command it with a wish, for the snares of life appear greater than the fear of death.

"It troubles me that I have offended a gracious God. The thought of that has followed me to this day. Oh ! have a care of sin ! It is that which is the sting both of life and death.

"Three things I commend to you.

"*First*, let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience ; so you will keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in the day of trouble.

"*Secondly*.—Whatever you design to do, lay it justly, and time it seasonably.

"*Lastly*.—Be not troubled at disappointments, for if they may be recovered, do it ; if they cannot, trouble is vain. If you could not have helped it, be content ; there is often peace and profit in submitting to Providence, for afflictions make wise. If you could have helped it, let not your trouble exceed instruction for another time.

"These rules will carry you with firmness and comfort through this inconstant world."

At another time he inveighed against the profaneness and impiety of the age, and expressed his apprehension that divine judgments would fall upon England, on account of the wickedness of her nobility and gentry. Just before he died, looking with compassion at his son, he said, "Son William, if you and your Friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and to your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world." He afterwards added: "Bury me by my mother. Live in love. Shun all manner of evil, and I pray God to bless you all ; and He will bless you."

Thus having spoken, the spirit of this brave seaman left its earthly tenement.

He left his son William his executor, bequeathing to him estates in England and Ireland, worth fifteen hundred a year, and his amount of arrears of salary, and sums lent by him to the government, amounting to fifteen thousand pounds ; he, shortly before his death, begged the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to protect his son, he gave his solemn promise to do so, and with all his faults, he seems never to have failed in his promise. Penn was as yet unmarried, and was shortly after again in prison. Upon his liberation he visited the continent, not as before to see, and

fall into its ways and usages of fashion, but as a missionary to the various Protestant Churches there. He made the acquaintance of eminent and holy men, and upon his return married Gulielma Springett, and settled for some time quietly in the neighbourhood of Chalfont; quietly we say, but that quiet was relative quiet the foes of Quakers were assuredly bitter persecutors, but all the quakers of that time seem to us to have been possessed by an intense spirit of pugnacity, and the gentlemanly and courtly Penn was not behind the brethren of his Church in this disposition—some of our readers will remember his controversy with Richard Baxter, which lasted from ten in the morning till five in the evening; and both parties, at the conclusion, were satisfied that they had obtained a famous victory. More important by far was the attempt he made to become the founder of an asylum for Friends, in the New World, where perfect liberty, pure Christian morals, and a just administration of laws should make a refuge for the sufferers for freedom's sake in England; ultimately the government paid him its debts, by a grant of those tracts of land which have since founded the flourishing state of Pennsylvania. Penn became the governor, and his intercourse with the Indians in the transaction has given to him one of the most abiding of his claims on immortality; the Indians pledged themselves to live in love with "Onas" (Penn) and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure. It is of this famous treaty that Voltaire in his sarcastic manner said, "It was the only treaty ever made without an oath, and the only treaty ever kept." The politicians of Europe sneered at the faith of "Onas," in the children of the scalping knife and the tomahawk, but events did not justify the sneer, the treaty was always regarded with affectionate faith. Mrs. Webb recites some account of the purchase, and a curious copy of an adventure, which we quote from her interesting volume.

We are told of two purchases of land from the Indians in 1683, whilst William Penn remained in the province. They lay in different directions. As regards one of these, the extent of country paid for was to run as far back as a man could walk in three days. It is stated that Penn himself, with several of his friends and a number of the Indian chiefs, began to walk over this land at the mouth of the Neshaminy, and walked up the Delaware. They are described as having, in a day and a half, got to a spruce-tree near the mouth of Baker's Creek, when the Governor decided that this would include as much land as would be wanted at present. A line was then run, and marked from that spruce-tree to Neshaminy, and the remainder left to be walked out when it should be wanted for settlement. It is said they walked leisurely after the Indian manner, sitting down sometimes to smoke

their pipes, to eat biscuit and cheese, and drink a bottle of wine. It is certain they arrived at the spruce-tree in a day and a half, the whole distance being rather less than thirty miles.

Two years afterwards, when William Penn had returned to England, a purchase was made in another direction. A copy of the deed drawn up on this occasion is now before me, and I shall give it verbatim.

*Copy of a Deed of Purchase between William Penn and the
Indians in 1685.*

This Indenture witnesseth that we, Packenah, Jarkham, Sikalls, Partquesott, Jervis, Essepenauk, Felktroy, Hekeloppaw Ecomer, Mackloha, Mettheonga, Wissa Powey, Indian kings, Sachemakers, right owners of all lands from Quing Quingus, called Duck Creek, unto Uplands, called Chester Creek, all along by the west side of Delaware River, and so between the said creeks backwards as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, for and in consideration of these following goods to us in hand paid and secured, to be paid by William Penn, proprietary and governor of the province of Pennsylvania and territory the eof, viz:

20 guns, 20 fathoms match-coat, 20 fathoms strong water, 20 blankets, 20 kettles, 20 pounds powder, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 40 pairs of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 pounds red lead, 100 fathoms of wampan, 30 glass bottles, 30 pewter spoons, 100 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 kinds of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 20 steels, 300 flints, 30 pairs scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking-glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipper of salt, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 jewsharps, 20 hoes, 30 gimlets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 strings of beads.

Do hereby acknowledge, etc.

Given under our hands at Newcastle 2nd day of 8th
month, 1685.

[The above is a true copy taken from the original by Ephraim Morton, of Washington County, Pennsylvania, formerly a clerk in the Land Office.]

His difficulties arose, not from the tomahawks of Indians, but from the collusions of members of the English Government; and these compelled his return for the purpose of negotiation; meantime, Isaac Penington, before these events ripened to their completion, died at the age of sixty-three; and we cannot forbear quoting that testimony which his wife bore to his beauty of character, as not only one of the most lovely ever written by a wife to the worth of a departed husband, but for itself most remarkable and beautiful too.

“Whilst I keep silent touching thee, oh! thou blessed of the Lord

and His people, my heart burneth within me. I must make mention of thee, for thou wast a most pleasant plant of renown, planted by the right hand of the Lord; 'and thou tookest deep root downwards and sprangest upwards.' The dew of heaven fell on thee, and made thee fruitful, and thy fruit was fragrant and most delightful.

"Oh, where shall I begin to recount the Lord's remarkable dealings with thee! He set His love on thee, oh! thou who wert one of the Lord's peculiar choice. Thy very babyish days declared of what stock and lineage thou wert. Thou desiredst 'the sincere milk of the word as a new-born babe,' even in the bud of thy age; and who can declare how thou hadst travelled towards the Holy Land in the very infancy of thy days? Who can tell what thy soul felt in thy travel? Oh the heavenly, bright, living openings that were given thee! God's light shone round about thee. Such a state as I have never known of in any other, have I heard thee declare of. But this it did please the Lord to withdraw, and leave thee desolate and mourning—weary of the night and of the day—naked and poor in spirit—distressed and bowed down. Thou refusedst to be comforted, because thou couldst not feed on that which was not bread from heaven.

"In that state I married thee; my love was drawn to thee, because I found thou sawest the deceit of all notions. Thou didst remain as one who refused to be comforted by anything that had only the *appearance* of religion, till 'He came to His temple who is Truth and no lie.' For all those shows of religion were very manifest to thee, so that thou wert sick and weary of them of all.

"This little testimony to thy hidden life, my dear and precious one, in a day when none of the Lord's gathered people knew thy face, nor were in any measure acquainted with thy many sorrows, have I stammered out, that it might not be forgotten. But now that the day hath broken forth, and that thou wert so eminently gathered into it, and a faithful publisher of it, I leave this other state of thine to be declared by the sons of the morning, who have witnessed the rising of the bright star of righteousness in thee, and its guiding thee to the Saviour, even Jesus, the First and the Last. They, I say, who are strong, and have overcome the evil one, and are fathers in Israel, have declared of thy life in God, and have published it in many testimonies."

"Ah me! he is gone! he that none exceeded in kindness, in tenderness, in love inexpressible to the relation of a wife. Next to the love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul, was his love precious and delightful to me. My bosom one! my guide and counsellor! my pleasant companion! my tender sympathising friend! as near to the sense of my pain, sorrow, grief, and trouble as it was possible! Yes this great help and benefit is gone; and I, a poor worm, a very little one to him, compassed about with many infirmities, through mercy was enabled to let him go without an unadvised word of discontent or inordinate grief. Nay, further, such was the great kindness the Lord showed me in that hour, that my spirit ascended with him that very moment the spirit left his body, and I saw him safe in his

own mansion, and rejoiced with him there. From this sight my spirit returned again, to perform my duty to his outward tabernacle.

"This testimony to Isaac Penington is from the greatest loser of all who had a share in his life,

"MARY PENINGTON."

"Written at my house at Woodside, the 27th of 2nd month, 1680, between Twelve and one at night, whilst watching by my sick child."

Penn's influence at court, and over the mind of James II. was very great, he sought naturally to stand between the tyrants of the hour and those of his society, who were feeling the consequences of bitter persecution. When Charles II. died fourteen hundred quakers were in prison; Penn sought their liberation, and in many instances succeeded; his friendship with James II. brought down upon him the charge, ineffably ludicrous, of being a Papist or Jesuit in disguise; and the efforts made to blacken his reputation then have been continued since, and Lord Macaulay has sullied the character of his whole history by his perverse and pertinacious sins against all light and knowledge, in his attempt to do this. When the storm burst he was accused of treasonable correspondence with James II., and suffered imprisonment in consequence. Ultimately, he again visited America, and founded the beautiful estate of Pennsbury; but his affairs in Pennsylvania, while they covered his name with posthumous glory, became a source of great trouble to him in his life; and many domestic trials poured in upon him; he lost Gulielma; he was troubled greatly in his eldest son; family circumstances seem to have compelled him to marry again; and at last he closed his life in 1718. Mrs. Webb has put together a volume which will, we think, be read with great interest by many beyond the circle of the Society of Friends; it is a deeply interesting collection of fragments of biography, so does not go into close details and particulars, but seems to have extracted very much of the pith and spirit of those old folios in which those memories she seeks to make popular are enshrined. The life of Penn, in our folio edition, spreads over two hundred and thirty-eight closely printed pages, yet it does not seem to contain much diffuse or needless matter. Isaac Penington was not a man of such various and intense action, and we, therefore, know very much less about him, but the lives as we have seen so inextricably related, so are they both in their relations delightfully interesting. The Society of Friends has not been happy in its historians, its chronicles have never been gathered into pleasant, readable coherence, yet, as

we have said, few chronicles are more romantic, instructive and entertaining ; we leave out of view all our points of divergence, and they are many. The spirit of the early Friends was much more remarkable for consistency and courage than amiability, but damp and wretched dungeons, whipping-posts, fines and confiscations, do not as a rule create amiable people, none are now insensible to the work they did, and the honours they won ; and the recitation of their story must always be invigorating, as a fine illustration of high principle and marked purity of character ; at present, they, perhaps, are more noticeable, as illustrating a rather hard political economy, and as maintaining human rights with a somewhat dangerous one-sidedness, while there are still in their midst many who are the worthy descendants of their strong and spiritual forefathers ; the worthy disciples of those truths illustrated in the mingled lives of the families whose records Mrs. Webb has with much readable vigour compiled.

II.

CHINESE FOLK-LORE.*

THIS is the proper designation of this pair of most entertaining volumes ; in many respects, perhaps, the most entertaining we have received or read on the manners and customs of the mysterious people of the great empire. Mr. Doolittle has had the advantage of a fourteen years residence in China, principally at Fuhchau, (better known we suppose as Foochow), as missionary of the American Board. Wide and various as the empire is, with unquestionable dissimilarities, not only of scenery, but to a certain extent of ethnologic characteristic, and therefore of religious and social manners and observances, it may be said that to know one important district of China well is to know it altogether. Fuhchau is an important walled city of seven gates, the population of which Mr. Doolittle estimates at about a

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million ; some have even supposed it larger, estimating it at so many as a million and a quarter of inhabitants: It is the centre of an immense province, covering an area of fifty-three thousand square miles, covered by a population even according to the census of 1812, of more than fourteen millions, five hundred thousand, which in 1842, had grown to twenty-five millions. Fuhchau is a city of the first order, its name signifies "The Happy Region," and it seems to be as favourable a spot for observing the manners of the people as could well be desired ; it is one of those great ports thrown open to foreign trade by the opium war, lying on the banks of the beautiful Min, lined along its banks by beautiful hills, terraced, and cultivated to their tops, so charming in the bold and romantic scenery that the region suggests to Europeans a likeness to Switzerland, to Americans the less sublime, but perhaps even still more charming, banks of the Hudson. Mr. Doolittle illuminates his work by an immense variety of every kind of illustration, of scenery, costume and superstition. We perhaps might wish that in days when time is short and books are many, the chief points of interest had been condensed into a smaller space than these nearly a thousand pages, but it is difficult to see where the observant author could well have said less, he seems to use no more words than are necessary to make his readers familiar with the subjects of which he treats, there is no needless diffuseness, and to readers interested in the subject at all, most of his pages will be interesting. We cannot but feel, as we read, although this is no drawback, from but rather an enhancement of, the value of the book, that he is probably unacquainted with the many volumes of preceding travellers, and should another English edition be published, we venture to think a good many little illustrative notes from Gutzlaff, Pere Huc, the voyage of the ship "Amhurst," the valuable discussions of Mr. Davis and others, might do very much to illustrate these pages, we will not say to confirm many of their curious statements, but rather to show the universal prevalence throughout the many districts of the empire of the same strange ways and usages.

We are not about to detain our readers by any of the vexed questions, ethnological or historical, referring to China. Mr. Doolittle does not even remotely glance at any of these, nor will we further than to remark that we have all along read this work as a far from unimportant contribution to ethnological speculations. Who the Chinese are is one of the most interesting questions concerning the peoples of our race ; they seem to dwell among themselves, and have no relations ; we suppose we do not go too far in saying their language is the greatest mystery in

all philology. Their antiquity, while not so great as was for a long time supposed, undoubtedly traces back some centuries beyond the commencement of the Christian era. The characteristic of their civilisation, as Professor Neumann has said, is that it has no history ; and in harmony with this it is that they seem never to have had great ideas, that is, spiritual ideas. Their civilisation is a vast scheme concerned solely with temporal good ; a North American Indian of the old savage tribes, a wild old Saxon of the days of the Edda had far greater conceptions than ever entered the thought of the Chinese ; their religious ideas are pre-eminently wretched ; they have all the misery and repulsiveness of Paganism, with few of those grand glimpses which sometimes illuminated the dark nights of other races or peoples. Professor Neumann again says, they have had no prophets, no immense minds, who in their splendour of poetry have shed some immortal coruscations over the gloom. Mr. Doolittle refers to the theory to our thought a most absurd one, though he seems to look upon it leniently, and more than half believingly, of the possibility of their relationship to, or descent from, the Jews ; the idea is not worth a refutation ; but in the absence of all positive information, what may be called their Folklore becomes important testimony—their traditions, proverbs, superstitions, and social practices ; these, with them, as with other peoples, become like the crests, or heraldic marks which, where there has been no possibility of tampering with Doctor's Commons, guide to national affinities ; until recently, within a period in the recollection of every living intelligence, they have been a nation hermetically sealed, shut up, and locked in. Father Ripa, long since, and Gutzlaff within living memory, were, almost, the only travellers, if we except two or three Jesuit adventurers, like Schall, or Ricci, whose spirit of adventure carried them into the far interior of this infinite waste of provinces and peoples. We accept, then, Mr. Doolittle's as almost the most considerable attempt to give a systematic form to the many curious ways and words of a people who perhaps may, as we have long suspected, illustrate in this, as it seems impossible to illustrate in other ways, their strange collateral connections with the great stem of the human family ; this is, in truth, the profound value attaching to all that we call Folklore. The superstition, or the strange story, may be interesting to children ; to the philosopher, they have a deeper meaning, more profound, perhaps, than Slankenbergiers' nose. "Ah, brother Shandy," said Uncle Toby, "depend upon it wise men don't talk about noses for nothing ;" The which profound reflection may be made when a philosopher entertains his readers with ghost stories, superstitions, legends,

and the like. To refer to all these points would be indeed to almost reprint Mr. Doolittle's volumes. The reader, as we have already implied, will find little that is elevating, but plenty both interesting and entertaining. Their ideas of the world of spirits, while they colour all their usages, and make in some sense a world of souls undoubted enough to them, are of the meanest kind, are as degrading, as shallow, and in many particulars not unlike the miserable table-rapping ideas so singularly growing up in the midst of our intelligence and refinement. "The Inner Land," "the Flowery Country," as the Chinaman delights, in his national egotism, to call his empire, is covered with schools and scholars; up to their mark, it is, perhaps, the most universally educated nation on the earth; learning is very highly honoured, but it is a learning which has run in the grooves of the most fixed of fixed ideas, and many of those ideas, not to say most, ludicrously contemptible. Days and seasons bring their festivities and joyous usages and observances; marriages and funerals are surrounded by elaborate customs, which in their routine seem to us to make the one as painful, grim, and melancholy, as the other. Their popular superstitions are innumerable—quite beyond the possibility of enumeration—for instance, the *worshipping of the measure*, a custom especially obtaining in families having weak and sickly children; the *North Measure* is supposed to be the god of longevity, or he who regulates the control of the book of death; the *South Measure* presides over life and emolument. The usage is new to us, and the Chinese themselves do not seem to have any very distinct account of its origin, but do still trace the custom to the following queer historical incident, which reads like one of Grimm's fairy stories.

A long while ago, a certain lad, on going into the street one day, met an old man, who proved to be a celebrated fortune-teller named Kuan-lo. He addressed the lad, saying, "You are a fine boy. What a pity that your life is to be so short." The lad at once asked how long it was to be, and he told him that he was to die at the age of nineteen. This frightened the lad, who was already near that age, and he went home crying, and told his mother what he had heard. She, in turn, was made very sad also, but told the lad to go and inquire farther of the fortune-teller. He did so, and was instructed to take a plate of preserved venison and a bottle of wine, and carry them to the top of a certain mountain, where he would find two old men playing chess. He was told to place the venison and wine down by them without saying a word, and then wait patiently until they had finished the game, when he might advance and make known his requests. The lad proceeded to do as he was instructed, and was surprised to find two men there engaged in a game of chess. After he had silently placed the food and drink by them, they kept on playing until they had finished

the game, without noticing the lad. They then seemed hungry, and began to eat of the provisions they saw by their side. After they had done eating and drinking, the lad advanced and told his story, weeping while talking, and besought them to save him from dying at so early an age. They heard the lad, and then took out their records, and found, on examination, that his life was indeed nearly finished, according to the record. They, however, took a pen, and interpolated before the nineteen the Chinese figure for nine, thus making the record read ninety-nine. They then ordered the boy to return home and tell the old man he met in the street that he must not do in like manner again; that the time appointed by Heaven was not to be divulged to mortals. The lad thanked those old gentleman, who were no other than the "north measure" and the "south measure"—went home, and narrated to his mother what had occurred.

We have been interested in finding that the most universal of all the household duties is the *God of the Kitchen*. So far they certainly seems to identify themselves with our branch of the human family, although our worship is of a more subjective, scarcely a more impersonal character. Mr. Doolittle says, "The Kitchen God is one of the peculiar institutions of China," from the representation of him he seems to be a very ugly old fellow. Before him, to the measure of its ability, every family sacrifices on the first and fifteenth of every month—sometimes daily. It is believed that the old *Kitchen God* ascends to the highest heaven and reports to the supreme ruler. The next most universal worship is to the *Family God*, or the *God of the Tablet*, an ancestral tablet is set up in the house, and the usage dates a very long way back; this curious observance and homage to family pride, in which, however, true to the instincts of what we may call the higher civilisation, woman is only able to occupy a very inferior place, since daughters are not allowed to erect a tablet to either parent, is a usage which in the meanest and loftiest families has obtained among all the untold millions of the Empire. Filial piety is the great strong point of virtue among these people, and this is carried to a marvellous and even horrible extent, as is illustrated, not merely in the public prosecution for the want of the customary virtues of respect and obedience, but, says Mr. Doolittle—

If a son should murder his parent, either father or mother, and be convicted of the crime, he would not only be beheaded, but his body would be mutilated by being cut into small pieces; his house would be razed to the ground, and the earth under it would be dug up for several feet deep; his neighbours living on the right and the left would be severely punished; his principal teacher would suffer capital punishment; the district magistrate of the place would be deprived of his

office and disgraced ; the prefect, the governor of the province, and the viceroy would all be degraded three degrees in rank. All this is done and suffered to mark the enormity of the crime of a parricide.

Father Huc in his intercourse with the great races of Tartary, Thibet, and China, found many points of resemblance in their usages to those of the Roman Catholic Church. The reader will, perhaps, think so too, as he remarks those customs which are connected with the mourning for and the burial of the dead ; and perhaps will find still more resemblance to the usages of the Greek Church. Their customs seem to us to oscillate between practices which remind us of the corrupt forms of Christian superstitions, and those which have been traced upon Egyptian sarcophagi, and Etruscan tombs. The candles and lanterns over the coffin, the table put before the place for the spirit, the informing of the ten kings of hell of the death of the individual ; the gathering of the guests, the sending money and clothing for the dead, the presenting white clothes to cry with.

When the head of a family which has been in the habit of having servants dies, and it is determined to have meritorious ceremonies performed on an extensive scale, it is also generally decided to provide the dead with a male and a female servant to wait upon him in the other world. For this purpose an effigy is made to represent the dead person, which is placed in the chair between the table for the place of the spirit and the "*longevity picture*." On one side of the chair, and near one end of the table, is placed a paper and bamboo representation of a male servant, called the "*golden lad* ;" and on the other side of the chair, and near the other end of the table, is placed a corresponding representation of a female servant, called "*gemmeous lass*." The servant-boy is made to hold in his hands the tobacco-pipe and tobacco-pouch, while the servant-girl is made to hold in her hands a tea-cup and saucer, or some other household utensil. These are designed as slaves or servants to the dead man in the future world. If not provided by his family, he, it is thought, would miss the attendance which he has been accustomed to have in this world, and would be made so much the more unhappy. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, when the sedan, with its crane attached in front, is burned, these three effigies are also consumed. The effigy of the deceased is put in the sedan, and they take their departure for the world of spirits, the lad and the lass keeping up with their master *en route*, or, finding him after arrival, serve him according to the understanding in this world.

Sutteeism, we learn, is not unusual in China, as we know that infanticide of daughters is quite general ; but the Sutteeism of China is by self-strangulation. The woman who confers upon herself this dignity is treated beforehand with a great deal of honour, and Mr. Doolittle mentions one instance of a sprightly

Chinese lass of a widow, who took a large multitude of spectators in; when they assembled to behold her great religious act of devotion, she was not visible, nor did she make herself manifest again.

The gods of the Chinese are many—they have a god of thieves, and a god of medicine, a god of surgery; they have the five rulers, the three pure ones, and the three precious ones. The dragon forms a very considerable personage in their worship, for he is regarded as the giver of rain. The monkey, the fox, and the tiger, are all worshipped; the dog, also, who is the subject of a very especial service, called *shooting the heavenly dog*.

It occurs on a painting extensively used by married women as an object of worship in their sleeping apartments. It is called a “heavenly dog,” or a “dog in the heavens.” The picture represents a certain *genius*, surrounded by several children. He is in the act of shooting a dog with a bullet by means of a bow, the dog being in the air much above the level of the shooter and the children. This dog in the heavens is believed to eat the children of mortals, and this *genius* is famed for his skill in shooting this bad dog. A literary man has furnished the following explanation of the use of this painting: Some women are born on days which are represented by the chronological or horary character which means “*dog*.” These women, after marriage, and before they give birth to a child, must procure a picture of the *genius* shooting the “heavenly dog,” and worship it by the burning of incense and candles. The child then may be expected to live. In the picture, the children are represented as gathering around the *genius*, in order to insure protection from the dog, which would certainly devour them if the shooter did not defend them. Twice every year, on the third day of the second month, and on the twenty-third of the eleventh month, offerings are made to this *genius*, such as incense, candles, mock-money, vermicelli, and seven balls made of the flour of rice. These balls represent the balls with which the hunter shoots the dog. At other times during the year, when the household gods are worshipped, only incense are burned before this picture. Others say that this picture is worshipped by mothers in behalf of a child only when the child is declared by a fortune-teller to be under the influence of the “heavenly dog,” or exposed to them. In all cases, the *genius* is resorted to for the purpose of securing the child from the depredations of the dog.

There is a god of swine, of whom the following story is told:—

Various reports are in circulation among the people in regard to the antecedents of this god. Some say he was, a long time ago, a butcher of hogs living in the city; others affirm that he was simply a successful swine-raiser, who died from vexation because his swine suddenly died. The following story is related about him:

He had a stand in the city where he vended pork. One day a poor but talented student, who had already become a graduate of the first degree, went to his stand and bargained for a small piece of pork, which the pork-vendor was to let him have on trust, as he had not the cash in hand. The seller of pork, soon after the departure of the student with the flesh, changed his mind, and concluded not to trust the poor man. He therefore went secretly and took away the piece of pork out of the pot while it was cooking. This offended the student, who did not forget the circumstance. Afterwards, he became a very distinguished scholar, and attained unto the dignitary of president of one of the boards at Peking. Coming back to his native place on business, as he was passing in his sedan the stand of the butcher, it happened that the butcher recalled the circumstances, and began to tell them to the bystanders at the precise moment when the high mandarin was passing. The latter, incidentally looking out of the window of his sedan toward the stand, saw the butcher gesticulating, with his knife (while telling the story) pointed as he imagined, toward his sedan, as if in the act of threatening. The mandarin, indignant that he should be treated thus in his native town, proceeded at once to his lodgings, and drew up a statement for the inspection of the emperor, telling how he saw a butcher threatening to kill him with his butcher-knife while he was riding along the public thoroughfare in the city, and requested the imperial consent and authority to decapitate him without trial, as a punishment for the insult, and a warning against other evil-disposed men. The emperor granted the request, and the man was summarily beheaded. Soon after his death he became an object of reverence and worship by his countrymen.

And there is a god called *the devil gambling for cash*, and several other such personages, who really seem to be very suggestive, and almost to imply that the chief difference between these strange people, and some others whom we know, is in their exceedingly objective and therefore repulsive character; otherwise, the usages do not seem to be at all uncommon. Probably the superstitions of no Pagan or heathen people more abound in traces of the ludicrous than the Chinese. Little petty observances, like those which we find among the sports of children, assume with them the dignity of religious rites, and the necessary tokens or propitiators of happiness and prosperity. We need not refer again to their innumerable gods, a few of whose names and offices we have indicated; the estimation in which they are held, however, is singular enough, it is supposed they are able to take breakfast and dinner. The spirits of the dead, too, are regarded from a singular point of view, in the services of propitiation or tenderness with which these invisible ones are regarded; it is, with a thoughtfulness worthy of our appreciation, remembered that as decapitation is the national punishment in China, so

there must be a considerable number of headless spirits, and these having neither mouth nor teeth, are with a wise prescience provided for in the food and sacrifices which are set before them. Mediums between the living and the dead are a great institution in China, principally women, who like certain other mediums nearer home, sit at a table, and are supposed to place themselves there in the way of intercourse between the departed spirit and those who seek for information. Another great superstition of China is the formal praying for rain by the mandarins of a neighbourhood. This again, like so many of their usages, has its analogy among many of the rude and ignorant peoples exposed to drought, especially among the tribes of Africa and the American Indians. The peculiarity of the Chinese superstition is, that its efficacy seems to be believed in ; and the mummeries in connection with it, to be performed by mandarins, and men who have some claim to be regarded as educated and cultivated ; and yet we know not that this should very greatly amaze us, for Rome and Romish priests have superstitions surely quite as absurd. The Chinese are so peculiar a people, and live so much in a mere routine, as we have said, of fixed ideas, that we would rather give to the fact of thought, quite unawakened, mind hampered, and bound, swaddled like their women's feet, the credit of many of these so-called religious absurdities, rather than to deliberate cunning and craft. Yet it is difficult for charity to keep this judgment, amidst many of their games ; thus, when the sun and moon are eclipsed, it is the duty of mandarins to save them. On the day of the eclipse a notice, in harmony with the previous astronomical calculation, is affixed at the *yamum*, or official residence of the mandarin, announcing the hour and the minute. This is supposed to create a great sense of terror and wonder. The immense distance of the celestial luminaries does not at all interfere apparently with their faith in the success of their efforts to save the body from the hungry jaws of darkness in which it seems so likely to be swallowed up. Processions, incense burnings, the beating of gongs, and the roar of drums, are all kept up by the people beneath the leadership of mandarins and priests until the eclipse passes off, and so the sun or moon is saved. Singular to say, what of course intensifies the faith, is that these official efforts have always been crowned with success. The sun and moon always have been saved, so the people believe. The happy result has been accomplished, and it is said there is not on record a single instance in which either body was lost when the sacrifices and prostrations were duly performed, and gong and drum duly made to sound ! One seems almost under some necessity of transmigration of metempsychosis into a Chinaman's

soul to become adequate to a charitable construction upon absurdities like these when sanctioned by men with any measure of intelligence. In the folk-lore of the Chinese, however, we may find many traces of superstitions not unlike those which have formed a part of our own treasures in that way, and still hold a place in many a Welsh or English village:—

The voice of the *owl* is universally heard with dread, being regarded as the harbinger of death in the neighbourhood. Some say that its voice resembles the voice of a spirit or demon calling out to its fellow. Perhaps it is on account of this notion that they so often assert having heard the voice of a spirit, when they may have heard only the indistinct hooting of a distant owl. Sometimes, the Chinese say, its voice sounds much like an expression for "*digging*" the grave. Hence, probably, the origin of a common saying, that when one is about to die, in the neighbourhood will be heard the voice of the owl, calling out, "*Dig, Dig.*" It is frequently spoken of as the *bird which calls for the soul*, or *which catches or takes away the soul*. Some assert that if its cry is dull and indistinct, as though proceeding from a distant place, it betokens the death of a near neighbour; whereas, if its notes are clear and distinct, as if proceeding from a short distance, it is a sure harbinger of the death of a person in a remote neighbourhood—the more distinct the voice, the more distant the individual whose decease is indicated; and the more indistinct the voice, the nearer the person whose death is certain! It is a common saying that this bird is a transformation of one of the servants of the ten kings of the infernal regions, *i.e.*, is a devil under the guise of a bird. It is also frequently referred to as a "constable from the dark land."

Animals with them are, as they have been with us, good or bad omens. Cats are not liked better than they are by our own sailors, and one coming into a household is invariably regarded as a sign of approaching poverty; while the coming of a dog is just as surely a token of prosperity. The crowing of a hen is the sure sign of something unusual about to happen in the family. The flight of swallows is watched, and where they build their nest good luck is sure to follow. The magpie is regarded very much as with ourselves in popular superstition, although the Chinese have a proverb, which says of this bird that its voice is good, but its heart bad. The crow gives to them a cry as ominous as its ancient "*cras, cras, cras;*" with them the cry is "*ka, ka, ka,*" and whoever hears this may be sure that in the work in which he is engaged he will not be successful. Fortune-telling is common with them, and its methods of divining or prognosticating are very like the well-known usages of old, or even modern times with us. The calculation of the year, month, day, and hour of the birth, the inspection of the

physiognomy, the examination of the palms of the hands, the shuffling of pieces of paper, and the use of money, in all these ideas and customs, among a people so thoroughly secluded, and shut away from intercourse with other nations, perhaps the student will see, as in their singular passion for flying kites, and the practice with many of walking on stilts, the indications of some ancient ethnological relationships, affinities, perhaps throwing out a clue where even language, and more obvious characteristics, fail. Mr. Doolittle speaks of their singular ideas regarding thunder and lightning; he says:—

The Chinese have most strange and singular ideas in regard to thunder and lightning. Both are worshipped. There is a temple dedicated to the thunder god near the east gate. Sometimes thunder is represented as a being in shape and appearance much like a cock, having four claws to each foot, and two hands proceeding from under the wings. In one hand he holds a chisel, and in the other a mallet. Lightning is represented as a woman, having one or two mirrors in her hands. She, in pictures, is sometimes made to hold a round mirror over her head, steadied by both hands. Images of thunder and lightning are found in some temples. On the back of thunder there is said to be "*a golden thread.*" The mirror reflects the lightning.

Western barbarians speak of people being "struck dead by lightning," whereas the philosophers of the Middle Kingdom never make mention of people killed by lightning, but always "*killed by thunder.*" Good and virtuous people are never killed by thunder, according to the Chinese, but only the *unfilial*, or those who do not use with proper respect the "*five grains,*" as rice and wheat, or those who, in a previous state of existence, were guilty of murder, or filial impiety, or some other wickedness for which they have not been already sufficiently punished, or those who do not reverence the written or printed (Chinese) characters. They imagine also that thunder kills certain insects or reptiles which, unless thus destroyed in season, would in process of time become human beings in form, or hobgoblins or elves, but with the powers and desires of evil spirits.

When any one has been struck dead by thunder, that fact is regarded as the best possible evidence that he was really a bad person—bad in a Chinese sense, either in the present life or in some past state of being, no matter what his reputation or his manner of living in this life may have been. His death, by such an instrumentality, is viewed as irrefragable proof that he ought not to have lived any longer, and that he was in heart a very wicked and corrupt man, whom heaven would not permit to live on the earth. News-slips, consisting often of only one or two pages, are frequently offered for sale in the streets for two or three cash, relating to some person recently struck dead by thunder, and giving an account of his wicked acts, viewed from a Chinese point of view, which led the god of thunder to deprive him of life as a warning to others. Exhortations are sometimes added, persuading the

reader from the commission of similar wickedness, lest a similar sudden and disgraceful death should be his fate.

Frequently after one has been struck dead by lightning, surviving family friends invite a priest to perform a certain superstitious ceremony near the body, reciting its formulas adapted to the occasion and ringing his bells, with the burning of incense and candles, all in order to cause the god of thunder to leave the body of his victim and ascend to heaven. It is believed that the performance of the *thunder charm* especially facilitates the departure of the god, and his ascension from earth to heaven, whence he came to kill the man. It is a common saying that, by the use of a mirror in a particular way, on examining the back of a person struck dead by thunder, there may often be found characters traced there stating the crime or sin of which he was guilty, and for which he was "*thunder-struck*."

We are glad to see that the author has given to us a brief, but not uninteresting, collection of Chinese proverbs and phrases. These are always, we think, among the most precious waifs and strays of the folk-lore of a people. Nothing more surely indicates the mode of a people's thought; and these, perhaps, often serve to guide, in some measure, to a national ancestry; we subjoin a few. We are sorry that Mr. Doolittle has to premise to his collection that, while the moral sentiment of the proverbs is frequently very high, this by no means indicates that the Chinese live, or endeavour to live, according to the elevated morality of their set phrases; but surely they are by no means alone in this drawback. The proverbs of most people are much higher than their practices, and even the stereotyped Chinese seem to have perceptions of what is wise and unwise, what is right and wrong, sadly contradicted in the daily life:—

To feel after a pin on the bottom of the ocean—(to try to do an absurd or impossible thing).

A cat leading a rat to view the feast of lanterns—(one bad man deceiving another with specious pretensions).

A tiger eating a fly—(disproportion).

A wooden tiger—(an unsuccessful plan to frighten people).

A tiger carrying a cangue—(awkwardness).

To be bold enough to stroke the tiger's beard—great courage and daring).

If one will not enter a tiger's lair, how can he obtain her whelps?—(proper means must be taken to attain a desired object).

An ox with a ring in his nose—(a man with his passions under control).

A calf without a ring in his nose—(ungovernable child.)

A calf does not know a tiger—(simplicity and innocence).

An old man is like a candle placed in the wind—(disease quickly

carries off the aged, as a draught of wind speedily extinguishes a candle placed in it).

After the pig has been killed, to speak of the price—(to take an improper advantage of circumstances).

Where there is musk, there will, of course, be perfume; it will not be necessary to stand in the wind—(talent and worth will manifest themselves without resorting to trickery).

The heart of a man, the stomach of an ox—(excessive covetousness).

A rat and a cat to sleep together—(bad people to profess to agree together).

The dog lords it over the cat's rice—(interference in other people's affairs).

A thief's mouth uttering imperial language—(a bad man can talk speciously and honestly).

To mistake a village squire for the emperor—(not to perceive essential differences in persons or things).

To turn a summersault in an oyster shell—to suppose or to plan an impossibility.

To stand on two ships at once—(impossible to do the same thing at the same time in two different places).

A basket of grain producing only a pound of chicken meat—(indicates a money-losing business).

An only mouth and a heart like a razor—(one who makes pleasant and specious promises, but who has evil intentions).

The carpenter makes the cangue which he himself may be doomed to wear—(men often unwittingly do what eventually harms themselves).

A blind fowl picking at random after worms—(working without skill).

A toad in a well can not behold the whole heavens: to look at the heavens from the bottom of a well—(contracted ideas).

Climbing a tree to hunt for fish—(to look for things where they can by no probability be found).

To eat one's rice looking toward the heavens—(a quiet and approving conscience).

The mouth of Buddha, but the heart of a serpent—(a man of pleasant exterior, but wicked heart).

In a melon-patch, do not stoop down to arrange your shoes; under a plum-tree, do not lift your hand to adjust your cap—(avoid appearances of evil).

To covet another man's horse, and lose one's own ox—(to lose what property one has already in efforts to acquire more).

To carry an olive on the pate of a Buddhist priest—(to attempt what can not be readily done).

If one has a mind to beat the stone, the stone will have a hole in it—(persevering industry overcomes obstacles).

To grind down an iron pestle to make a needle of—(indomitable perseverance in efforts to accomplish a desired object).

The kettle of him who has a wicked heart is full of rice; the kettle of him whose heart coincides with the doctrines of heaven has none—

(prosperity in business is not a sign or proof of the rectitude of one's principles. That the wicked have plenty to eat is no indication of the approval of heaven).

None will carry on a money losing business, but some will engage in a head-losing occupation—(men will try to make money by any means, however unlawful, which may even result in their own decapitation, while they will not sell goods at less than cost, or engage in an employment which affords no profit).

Don't tell a man with a full stomach that you are hungry—(one just after a plentiful repast, does not readily sympathize with the feelings of a hungry man).

To nourish a rat to eat a hole in one's bags—(to support for a time a man in one's family who requites favours received by robbing or in some other way injuring his benefactor).

A house on fire is a fine sight, but it inflicts great damage on the owner—(appearances at a distance are often deceptive; things are not to be decided about simply by their appearance).

In passing over the day in the usual way there are four ounces of sin—(every man is a sinner).

When you converse in the road (remember), there are men in the grass.

The neighbouring walls have ears—(much like the Western proverb, "The wall has ears").

He that has wealth and wine has many friends.

If one has plenty of money, but no child, he can not be reckoned rich; if one has children, but no money, he can not be considered poor.

A poor man, through living in the crowded mart, no one will notice; a rich man, though dwelling amid the remote hills, his distant relative will visit.

An upright heart does not fear demons.

Correct one's self, then correct others.

Seeing an opportunity to make money, one should think of righteousness.

Some of these proverbs are striking; many of them, our readers will perceive, have their counterparts, or analogies, in our northern lands, and many of them seem to have their illustrations in certain traditions and stories among the people, thus to "grind down an iron pestle to make a needle," a proverb in praise of perseverance, is illustrated by a Chinese anecdote.

In the time of the Tang dynasty (620-906 A.D.), Lei Peh, while yet young, and before he had completed his studies, left school and started for home. On the road he saw an old woman engaged in grinding away an iron pestle. Peh inquired why she was thus grinding the pestle? She answered, "*I want to make a needle.*" He was surprised at her words, and, influenced by them, returned to school, and studied with most assiduous application. He finally became a member of the Imperial college at the capital.

From the illustrations we have selected from these volumes we think it will be seen that Mr. Doolittle has collected from his personal observation, and by the use of his own eyes and ears, in China, a vast number of very interesting particulars. He does not seem to be largely acquainted with the literature of China itself; we should have been glad to see some accounts of the poetry, their odes, and popular songs, perhaps even of their novels, which, we are told, often abound in smart wit, and satire.* Voltaire borrowed one of his best stories from these sources, in his *Zadic*, or the Book of Fate, giving to it a more sentimental and European tint of colouring; the story illustrates certainly, the power and disposition of the Chinese to work up their fancies into rather a severe form of satire. We perhaps may not displease our readers, by quoting the Chinese version from a very able paper on the Chinese from the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lvi., 1836.

A disciple of the sect of *Taou-tse*, or "Doctors of Reason," while meditating among the tombs, observed a young lady seated by one of them, eagerly employed in fanning the structure. On approaching the spot, and seeing her in tears, he ventured to ask whose tomb it might be, and why she took such pains in fanning it? The lady, with great simplicity, replied, "You see a widow at the tomb of her husband: He was most dear to me, and he loved me in return with equal tenderness. Afflicted with the idea of parting with me, even in death, his last words were these—'My dearest wife, should you ever think of marrying again, I conjure you to wait, at least, until the plaster of my tomb be entirely dry; after which you have my sanction to take another husband.' Now," said she, "as the materials are still damp, and not likely soon to dry, I thought I would just fan it a little to assist in dissipating this moisture." "This woman," thought the philosopher, "is in a monstrous hurry;" and having recently taken to himself a beautiful wife, he hastened home to apprise her of the adventure. "Oh the wretch!" she exclaimed, "what an unfeeling monster! How can a virtuous woman ever think of a second husband? If, for my misfortune, I should ever lose you, be assured I should remain single for the rest of my life."

"Fair promises," thought the philosopher, "are easily made, but we shall see." He suddenly became dangerously ill; a tender scene occurred; the lady avowed eternal remembrance, and repeated her

* This has, however, been done in a very interesting volume by an accomplished Chinese scholar, *Chinese Novels, Translated from the Originals, with Observations on the Language and Literature of China*, by John Francis Davies, F.R.S. Murray, 1843. Mr. Davies, also, adds to his volume a considerable collection of Chinese proverbs, but in general these have not the pith and point of those we meet with in the volumes of Mr. Doolittle.

resolution to remain a widow to her dying day. "Enough," said the philosopher, "my eyes are now closing for ever;" and so saying, the breath departed from his body. The desponding widow, with loud lamentations, embraced the lifeless body, and held it locked in her arms. Among the mourners who assembled on the melancholy occasion was a youth of fair exterior, who said he had come from a distance to place himself as a pupil under the deceased sage. With great difficulty he procured a sight of the widow; she was struck with his appearance;—she saw him again on the following day; they dined together, supped together, and exchanged tender looks and expressions. The youth was half smitten, the lady wholly so; a marriage was speedily agreed upon: the youth, however, previously demanded three conditions, one of which may suffice for our notice: it was that the widow should forthwith turn out of the house the unsightly coffin that contained the remains of her late husband. The lady readily consented; the coffin was sent into an old shed at the bottom of the garden.

Preparations were now made for the marriage feast, but the bridegroom was suddenly seized with convulsions and fell on the floor. The bride was desired by his domestic not to be alarmed, for that these fits were not unusual, and that there was a cure for them—the only and certain cure,—the brain of a man taken in warm wine. "Oh!" said the lady, "my late husband has been dead only a few days; get me a hatchet, and I will go myself and open the coffin, and take out the remedy." Thus fortified she posted away to the bottom of the garden, and striking a blow with all her might—behold! the lid flew open, a groan was heard, and, to her great horror, the dead man, rising up, very coolly said, "My dear wife, lend me your hand to get out." The unhappy inamorata, finding all intrigues discovered, and unable to survive her shame, hung herself to one of the beams. The philosopher found her, and having satisfied himself that she was quite dead, cut her down very coolly; and having repaired his own coffin, laid her in it, fully determined never to take another wife.

The Chinese author goes circumstantially through all the details of the story, but Voltaire has taken only the pith of this bitter satire on the ladies, substituting the labour of turning a brook from the side of the tomb, for that of drying it with a fan; and the readiness of one fair dame '*pour couper le nez à Zadig*,' for the other's zeal in fracturing the husband's skull to get at his brains.

Mr. Doolittle's illustrations of Scripture from Chinese customs, while many of them are very interesting, seem to be very frequently far-fetched, in the connection in which he uses them; while they certainly often illustrate the connection of the usages of the present people of China, with those of the earliest, most primeval and remote ages. In fact, however, his work is that of a very earnest, Christian, Protestant missionary. The story of the efforts to spread Christianity in China is largely con-

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nected with the labours and enterprises of the Roman Catholics, and especially of the Jesuit missionaries, in the seventeenth century. We have mentioned already the names of Ricci, and Adam Schall, their enterprises, and especially those of Schall, are assuredly a marvellous romance; he became, after passing through all the orders of the Mandarins, Prime Minister of the Emperor of China in that day. As suddenly, however, upon the death of the Emperor, overwhelmed, cast into a horrible dungeon and sentenced to be hacked in pieces; but he, in fact, it is believed, died in prison at the age of seventy-five; it seems certain that he did not attain to his eminence in his extraordinary career without compromising much of the purity, spirituality, and dignity of the religion of Christ, before the maxims of Confucius, and the superstitions and observances of the people. Christianity became proscribed by law, it was persecuted, and the story of the successive attempts made to spread it are mingled with the biographies of great names, and persecutions, and plots. Through all, however, the history of the Roman Catholic Missions in China has been very far from unimportant, although the success is flawed by that concession to the idolatries of the people for which Roman propagandists have always been famous; the attempts to introduce the Gospel into China have, until recently, been beset by eminent difficulties. It was, perhaps still is, a crime, although now perhaps comparatively inoperative in law, for any Chinese to listen to instruction from a foreigner; the difficulties in the language were immense, as so much depends upon pronunciation for any accuracy of communication. Protestants, therefore, have only recently begun to preach, they have relied on the distribution of the Scriptures, and other religious tracts and books. The Papists are as secluded in their mode of operation as were the Chinese themselves as a nation. They have not laboured much at translation, and it seems almost difficult to understand what they have done, while yet they have established their churches, and it is noticeable that at Fuhchau the tablet of the Emperor is to be seen near the altar, in such a position that those who bow to the cross may, as is usual throughout the Empire, bow also to the tablet; such is the policy of Rome. We rejoice, however, to learn from these volumes that amidst many difficulties, the leaven is leavening, and Mr. Doolittle mentions his curious experience on visiting the temple of Confucius in connection with some great state ceremony, when a number of vessels supposed to be filled with rice, salt, fruits, uncooked vegetables, &c., to the number of a hundred and eighty, were placed on the altars; they were supposed to be full, but in

reality were so arranged as not to be nearly full, in fact nearly empty; some of Mr. Doolittle's party inquired if they expected to deceive Confucius. A young man pertly replied "Yes! it will answer to deceive Confucius, but it will not answer to deceive Jesus." And in whatever spirit the reply was given it perhaps may be thought to illustrate the gradual prevalence of sentiments which may overturn this great empire of superstition and folly, which we scarcely think Mr. Doolittle over-estimates when he says, "China is, all things considered, the Gibraltar, the Sebastopol, of heathenism of the globe."

III.

RECENT POETESSES.*

MISS INGELOW'S new volume has certainly reminded us of Lord Jeffrey's introductory and depreciatory sentence in his kindly, but very patronising review of Mrs. Hemans' poems, nearly forty years since, "Women cannot, we fear, do every-thing, nor even everything they attempt, but what they can do, they do for the most part excellently." Since that review was written, women have given to the world some of the brightest and sweetest effusions of their peculiar genius, and from the press are constantly coming forth verses which very few of their critics could at all equal—we will not go so far as to say surpass. Their fame indeed is very ephemeral, as in the review we have quoted, Lord Jeffrey declared he would not venture to predict for Mrs. Hemans that her reputation would be immortal, or even of very long duration. This verdict seems, in her instance, to be almost fulfilled, yet the rich flow and flash, the romantic troubadour-like chivalry and splendid rhythm of her genius, might well deserve a more universal and enduring regard. Her poems have a very independent place in our litera-

*1 *A Story of Doom, and other Poems.* By Jean Ingelow. Longmans, Green, and Co.

2 *Poems.* By Dora Greenwell. Strahan.

3 *Essays.* By Dora Greenwell. Strahan.

4 *A Woman Sold, and other Poems.* By Augusta Webster. Macmillan and Co.

ture, and we often suppose that it is only the very hard realism of our times which has condemned them to obscurity. In an age when the only use of butterflies is to stick them upon the pins of microscopes, and of larks and kingfishers to be served up as *compotes*, verses like those of Mrs. Hemans stand but a poor chance of fame. We might almost extend the severe prophecy of the great Edinburgh critic to other eminent names, and doubt whether even Elizabeth Browning herself will have a wider reputation than Mrs. Hemans in the course of another quarter of a century. It is not too much to say that these two are the greatest English female names among the lights of song. Nothing we have received among the recent contributions of womanhood to verse or poetry seems at all likely to disturb their pre-eminence; they are indeed wide apart, and their functions, though both ethereal, are as exquisitely dissimilar as they are exquisitely high. Mrs. Browning was the unquestioned eagle of song; her music fell upon the ear like the thunder of plumes. She soared to and sat upon the loftiest crag, overlooking the whole earthly campaign, uplooking to the infinite celestial lights; Mrs. Hemans was the nightingale, or the lark of melody; her verse ran along in a perpetual trill of passionate sweetness,

A linked sweetness, long drawn out.

We do not see that any recent writers have come near either to the overflowing melody of the one, or to the overwhelming power of the other. Miss Ingelow's recent volume will, we suppose, disappoint most whom the extraordinary fulness and sweetness of her first volume surprised into involuntary admiration. We should say the effect of her *Story of Doom* is very much like that produced by Mrs. Hemans' "Forest Sanctuary;" it produces a sense of unquestioned power, only we feel that it is not in Miss Ingelow's way; it seems to remind us that as a poet, to recur again to Lord Jeffrey, she cannot do everything—her work, like that of Mrs. Hemans, is eminently lyrical, and the sense of disappointment in the present volume, as compared with the first, arises from the fact that there is so little of the lyrical in it; she is a poet everywhere throughout the volume, but she has her own compartment and compass of song, and a soprano does not shine in basso or baritone. There are rich little soprano airs which, much as we have seen and felt to admire in the *Story of Doom*, make us wish that she had devoted her powers to her exquisite gift of lyrical and melodious effects. It does not seem to us that any of the pieces of this volume will win for the writer the affection of "The

"Scholar and Carpenter;" "The Songs of Seven;" "The High Tide;" indeed most of the pieces of her first volume have a most memorable sweetness, and it placed the author at once in a high niche among the favourites of all intelligent readers. In the present volume she seems to have sought a more ambitious reputation, and it is something as if Burns had determined on writing a *Hamlet* or *Paradise Lost*. Our author has a faculty of sweetness of expression which is not fulfilled in the other department of the singer's gift. Such as the following must be great favourites; they are from the "Songs of the Night Watches," and first,

APPRENTICED.

"Come out and hear the waters shoot, the owlet hoot, the owlet hoot;
Yon crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim behind the tree, O!
The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O sweetest lass, and
sweetest lass;
Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the croft with me, O!"

"My granny nods before her wheel, and drops her reel, and drops her
reel;
My father with his crony talks as gay as gay can be, O!
But all the milk is yet to skim, ere light wax dim, ere light wax dim;
How can I step adown the croft, my 'prentice lad, with thee, O?"

"And must ye bide, yet waiting's long, and love is strong, and love is
strong.
And O! had I but served the time, that takes so long to flee, O!
And thou, my lass, by morning's light wast all in white, wast all in
white,
And parson stood within the rails, a-marrying me and thee, O."

And the following is of the same sweet lyrical ringing:—

MORN OF MAY.

All the clouds about the sun lay up in golden creases,
(Merry rings the maiden's voice that sings at dawn of day);
Lambkins woke and skipped eround to dry their dewy fleeces,
So sweetly as she carolled, all on a morn of May,

Quoth the Sergeant, "Here I'll halt, here's wine of joy for drinking;
To my heart she sets her hand, and in the strings doth play;
All among the daffodils, and fairer to my thinking,
And fresh as milk and roses, she sits this morn of May."

Quoth the Sergeant, "Work is work, but any ye might make me,
If I worked for you, dear lass, I'd count my holiday.
I'm your slave for good and all, an' if ye will but take me,
So sweetly as ye carol upon this morn of May."

"Medals count for worth," quoth she, "and scars are worn for honour
But a slave an' if ye be, kind wooer, go your way."
All the nodding daffodils woke up and laughed upon her.
O! sweetly did she carol, all on that morn of May.

Gladsome leaves upon the bough, they fluttered fast and faster,
Fretting brook, till he would speak, did chide the dull delay :
" Beauty ! when I said a slave, I think I meant a master ;
So sweetly as ye carol all on this morn of May.

" Lass, I love you ! Love is strong, and some men's hearts are tender."
Far she sought o'er wood and wold, but found not aught to say ;
Mounting lark nor mantling cloud would any counsel render,
Though sweetly she had carolled upon that morn of May.

Shy, she sought the wooer's face, and deemed the wooing mended ;
Proper man he was, good sooth, and one would have his way :
So the lass was made a wife, and so the song was ended.
O ! sweetly she did carol all on that morn of May.

But other poems have the answering and suggestive insight and wisdom which made her first volume, *Hours*, so delightful to read in quiet places and perplexed moods of spirit. One of the finest strains of this order is the poem she calls " The Middle Watch," but the influence of both Elizabeth and Robert Browning, alike in the mould of the metre and the mystical splendour of sentiment and expression, is undoubted. One thinks that the *Saul* of Robert Browning had continued ringing in her heart until that strange wonderful metre had to utter itself in the following ; but it is a very beautiful poem and has such freshness as only a most true poet could impart to it.

THE MIDDLE WATCH.

I

I woke in the night, and the darkness was heavy and deep ;
I had known it was dark in my sleep,

And I rose and looked out,

And the fathomless vault was all sparkling, set thick round about
With the ancient inhabitants silent, and wheeling too far
For man's heart, like a voyaging frigate, to sail, where remote

In the sheen of their glory they float,

Or man's soul, like a bird, to fly near, of their beams to partake,
And dazed in their wake,

Drink day that is born of a star.

I murmured, " Remoteness and greatness, how deep you are set,
How afar is the rim of the whole ;

You know nothing of me, or of man, nor of earth, O, nor yet
Of our light bearer—drawing the marvellous moons as they roll,
Of our regent, the sun.

I look on you trembling, and think, in the dark with my soul,
' How small is our place 'mid the kingdoms and nations of God :
These are greater than we, every one."

And there falls a great fear, and a dread cometh over, that cries,

" O my hope ! Is there any mistake ?

Did he speak ? Did I hear ? Did I listen aright, if he spake ?

Did I answer him duly ? For surely I now am awake, if never I
woke until now."

And a light, baffling wind, that leads nowhither, plays on my brow.

As a sleep, I must think on my day, of my path as untrod,
Or trodden in dreams, in a dreamland whose coasts are a doubt;
Whose countries recede from my thoughts, as they grope round
about,

And vanish, and tell me not how.
Be kind to our darkness, O Fashioner, dwelling in light,
And feeding the lamps of the sky;
Look down upon this one, and let it be sweet in Thy sight,
I pray Thee, to-night.

O watch whom Thou madest to dwell on its soil,
Thou Most High!

For this is a world full of sorrow (there may be but one);
Keep watch o'er its dust, else Thy children for aye are undone,
For this is a world where we die.

II

With that, a still voice in my spirit that moved and that yearned,
(There fell a great calm while it spake,)
I had heard it erewhile, but the noises of life are so loud,
That sometimes it dies in the cry of the street and the crowd:
To the simple it cometh,—the child, or asleep, or awake,
And they know not from whence; of its nature the wise never
learned

By his wisdom; its secret the worker ne'er earned
By his toil; and the rich among men never bought with his gold;
Nor the times of its visiting monarchs controlled,
Nor the jester put down with his jeers
(For it moves where it will), nor its season the aged discerned
By thought, in the ripeness of years.

O elder than reason, and stronger than will!

A voice, when the dark world is still:
Whence cometh it? Father Immortal, thou knowest! and we—
We are sure of that witness, that sense which is sent us of Thee;
For it moves, and it yearns in its fellowship mighty and dread,
And let down to our hearts it is touched by the tears that we shed;
It is more than all meanings, and over all strife;
On its tongue are the laws of our life,
And it counts up the times of the dead.

III

I will fear you, O stars, never more.
I have felt it! Go on, while the world is asleep,
Golden island, fast moored in God's infinite deep.
Hark, hark to the words of sweet fashion, the harpings of yore!
How they sang to Him, seer and saint, in the far away lands:
"The heavens are the work of Thy hands;
They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure;
Yea, they all shall wax old—
But Thy throne is established, O God, and Thy years are made sure
"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure—
They shall pass like a tale that is told."

Doth He answer, the Ancient of Days?
Will He speak in the tongue and the fashion of mind?
(Hist! hist! while the heaven-hung multitudes shine in His praise,

His language of old). Nay, He spoke with them first; it was then
They lifted their eyes to His throne:
"They shall call on Me, 'Thou art our Father, our God, Thou alone!
For I made them, I led them in deserts and desolate ways;
I have found them a Ransom Divine;
I have loved them with love everlasting, the children of men;
I swear by Myself, they are Mine."

It is singular, too, that Mrs. Hemans has a poem which we never remember to have seen quoted or referred to, although one of her most magnificent, upon just the same subject, "The Prayer of the Lonely Student," also beneath the mystery of the midnight heavens. The stream of thought and feeling is exactly the same—but then this is no uncommon stream. To whom have not the heavens crowded with stars been, as Carlyle has called them, "a sad sight"? We, in this glance over female poets, will quote a strain or two of this hymn—a similiar glorious note to which occurs in her "Despondency and Aspiration."

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

Night—holy night—the time
For mind's free breathings in a purer clime!
Night!—when in happier hour the unveiling sky
Woke all my kindled soul,
To meet its revelations, clear and high,
With the strong joy of immortality!
Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd me—strange and deep—
And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep
Far beyond earth's control.
Wherefore is this? I see the stars returning,
Fire after fire in heaven's rich temple burning:
Fast shine they forth—my spirit friends, my guides,
Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;
They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze:
Oh! is the dimness mine which clouds those rays?
They from whose glance my childhood drank delight!
A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
They that, unfolding to more thoughtful sight
The harmony of their magnificence,
Drew silently the worship of my youth
To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth;
Shall they shower blessing, with their beams divine,
Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
And to the pilgrim toiling for his shrine
Through some wild pass of rocky Apennine,
And to the wanderer lone
On wastes of Afric thrown,
And not to me?
Am I a thing forsaken?
And is the gladness taken
From the bright-pinion'd nature which hath soar'd
Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,

And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
 Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?
 And now an alien! Wherefore must this be?
 How shall I rend the chain?
 How drink rich life again
 From those pure urns of radiance, welling free?
 —Father of Spirits! let me turn to thee!

* * * * *

Oh! be the whisper of thy voice within
 Enough to strengthen! Be the hope to win
 A more deep-seeing homage for thy name,
 Far, far beyond the burning dream of fame!
 Make me thine only?—Let me add but one
 To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
 Which glorious minds have piled
 Through bright self-offering, earnest, childlike, lone,
 For mounting to thy throne!
 And let my soul, upborne
 On wings of inner morn,
 Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
 Of that bless'd work, its own high recompense.
 The dimness melts away
 That on your glory lay,
 O ye majestic watchers of the skies!
 Through the dissolving veil,
 Which made each aspect pale,
 Your gladd'ning fires once more I recognise;
 And once again a shower
 Of hope, and joy, and power,
 Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes.
 And if that splendour to my sober'd sight
 Come tremulous, with more of pensive light—
 Something—though deeply fraught,
 With more that pierces through each fold of thought
 Than I was wont to trace
 In Heaven's unshadow'd face—
 Be it e'en so!—be mine, though set apart
 Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
 A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart,
 Bowed before thee, O Mightiest! whose bless'd will
 All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.

Mrs. Hemans is so seldom quoted or referred to that we trust we may be forgiven for introducing her inferior airs amidst these modern flights of sentiment. "The Story of Doom," is a powerful poem. The critics who have taken exception to it because it deals with the world before the flood, a territory they have told us which Mrs. Browning, and Byron, and Milton, have occupied—surely by that very sentence would seem to shew that they had never read either Miss Ingelow, or Byron, or Mrs. Browning. No subjects can be wider apart than is Miss Ingelow's from those we have seen mentioned by this most sapient critic as her pre-

decessors. It is quite true that all the poets named painted antediluvian scenes and people—here the resemblance ends—the true predecessors Miss Ingelow has had are in Heraud's wild and Martin-like magnificent poem, "The Judgment of the Flood," and Montgomery's "World before the Flood;" but Miss Ingelow's poem is all her own, and to critics knowing what they are talking about will suggest no comparison or contrast with any predecessor. She has realised, in a manner we do not remember to have seen in any poet before, the task of the great antediluvian preacher. The title of the poem is not happy, the title of a poem should describe more distinctly the intention. She uses repeatedly, in the course of the story, the very designation which we should have thought would have suggested itself to her as the fitting description—it is "The Story of the Master Shipwright," and how he built his huge ark, and how the great wicked world of antediluvian people, and his family too, thought him insane while he continued praying and preaching, agonizing and building. A poet, dealing with those times, would surely be no poet if unable to project from the imagination the marvellous forms of the Titanic, the hugely grotesque dealing in the phantasmal vastnesses, which, like the mystic shapes of piled-up clouds, we expect to see as we look out into the far distance of that ancient twilight of time. Of course, to this exception will very likely be taken; poetry has rid itself of talking dragons, and of such marvels as seem to us to add a satisfying horror to the imagination in the descriptions. We feel that we are in no modern world, it is the age of admiration and wonder, the voice which could call Noah to his marvellous task, although his wife and children were unaware of its callings, the instinct which wrought him into that strange, wild, calm transport and agony of spirit, now seeking the abode of the dragon, and his people in the wild, atheistic civilization and luxury of those doomed ages, and now laying it like a burden on Niloiya, his wife, that as his eldest sons were married, so must his youngest be before they went in, and the door was shut lest he should roam, an unmated man over that new waste world; all this belongs to the miraculous, the world of the wonderful, through which we must say Miss Ingelow moves with great freedom, power, and consistency of imagination—a world like ours, and yet unlike.

We did move
Over the measureless, unknown desert mead;
While all the day, in rents and crevices,
Would lie the lizard and the serpent kind,
Drowsy; and in the night take fearsome shapes,

And oft-times woman-faced and woman-haired
 Would trail their snaky length, and curse and mourn;
 Or there would wander up, when we were tired,
 Dark troops of evil ones, with eyes morose,
 Withstanding us and staring.

In the passage in which Noah preaches before the great dragon king, and his horde of revellers, it is clear the writer gives a strong side-glance to the possibility of the same illusive scepticisms and sins in our times, as those the Master Shipwright confronted.

And one made answer, "Shall the mighty God
 Talk with a man of wooden beams and bars?
 No, thou mad preacher, no. If He, Eterne,
 Be ordering of His far infinitudes,
 And darkness cloud a world, it is but chance,
 As if the shadow of His hand had fallen
 On one that He forgot, and troubled it."

Then said the Master, "Yet--who told thee so?"

And from his daïs the feigning serpent hissed:
 "Preacher, the light within, it was that shined,
 And told him so. The pious will have dread
 Him to declare such as ye rashly told.
 The course of God is one. It likes not us
 To think of Him as being acquaint with change:
 It were beneath Him. Nay, the finished earth
 Is left to her great masters. They must rule;
 They do; and I have set myself between—
 A visible thing for worship, sith His face
 (For He is hard) He showeth not to men.
 Yea, I have set myself 'twixt God and man,
 To be interpreter, and teach mankind
 A pious lesson by my piety
 He loveth not, nor hateth, nor desires—
 It were beneath Him."

And the Master said,
 "Thou liest. Thou wouldst lie away the world,
 If He, whom thou hast dared to speak against,
 Would suffer it." "I may not chide with thee,"
 It answered, "now; but if there come such time
 As thou hast prophesied, as I now reign
 In all men's sight, shall my dominion then
 Reach to be mighty in their souls. Thou too
 Shalt feel it, prophet." And he lowered his head.

Then quoth the Leader of the young men: "Sir,
 We scorn you not; speak further; yet our thought
 First answer. Not but by a miracle
 Can this thing be. The fashion of the world
 We heretofore have never known to change;
 And will God change it now?"

He then replied :

“ What is thy thought? **THERE IS NO MIRACLE?**
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,
And never shalt escape. Thyself, O man,
Thou art the miracle, Lo, if thou sayest,
‘ I am one, and fashioned like the gracious world,
Red clay is all my make, myself, my whole,
And not my habitation,’ then thy sleep
Shall give thee wings to play among the rays
O’ the morning. If thy thought be, ‘ I am one—
A spirit among spirits—and the world
A dream my spirit dreameth of, my dream
Being all,’ the dominating mountains strong
Shall not that forbear to take thy breath,
And rage with all their winds, and beat thee back,
And beat thee down when thou wouldst set thy feet
Upon their awful crests. Ay, thou thyself,
Being in the world and of the world, thyself
Hast breathed in breath from Him that made the world.
Thou dost inherit, as thy Maker’s son,
That which He is, and that which He hath made :
Thou art thy Father’s copy of Himself,—
THOU art thy FATHER’S MIRACLE.

Behold,

He buildeth up the stars in companies ;
He made for them a law. To man He said,
‘ Freely, I give thee freedom.’ What remains ?
O, it remains, if thou, the image of God,
Wilt reason well, that thou shalt know His ways ;
But first thou must be loyal—love, O man,
Thy Father—hearken when He pleads with thee,
For there is something left of Him e’en now,—
A witness for thy Father in thy soul,
Albeit thy better state thou hast foregone.

“ Now, then, be still, and think not in thy soul,
‘ The rivers in their course for ever run,
And turn not from it. He is like to them
Who made them.’ Think the rather, ‘ With my foot
I have turned the rivers from their ancient way,
To water grasses that were fading. What !
Is God my Father as the river wave,
That yet descendeth, like the lesser thing
He made, and not like me, a living son,
That changed the water-course to suit his will?’

“ Man is the miracle in nature. God
Is the **ONE MIRACLE** to man. Behold,
‘ There is a God,’ thou sayest. Thou sayest well :
In that thou sayest all. To Be is more
Of wonderful, than being, to have wrought,
Or reigned, or rested.

Hold then there, content ;
Learn that to love is the one way to know,

Or God or man : it is not love received
 That maketh man to know the inner life
 Of them that love him ; his own love bestowed
 Shall do it. Love thy Father, and no more
 His doings shall be strange. Thou shalt not fret
 At any counsel, then, that He will send,—
 No, nor rebel, albeit He have with thee
 Great reservations. Know, to Be is more
 Than to have acted ; yea, or after rest
 And patience, to have risen and been wroth,
 Broken the sequence of an ordered earth,
 And troubled nations."

Then the dragon sighed.
 "Poor fanatic," quoth he, "thou speakest well.
 Would I were like thee, for thy faith is strong,
 Albeit thy senses wander. Yea, good sooth,
 My masters, let us not despise, but learn
 Fresh loyalty from this poor loyal soul.
 Let us go forth—(myself will also go
 To head you)—and do sacrifice ; for that,
 We know, is pleasing to the mighty God :
 But as for building many arks of wood,
 O majesties ! when He shall counsel you
 HIMSELF, then build. What say you, shall it be
 An hundred oxen—fat, well liking, white ?
 An hundred ! why, a thousand were not much
 To such as you." Then Noah lift up his arms
 To heaven, and cried, "Thou aged shape of sin,
 The Lord rebuke thee."

We have quoted lengthily, but feel yet that the last paragraph of this fine poem will, perhaps, give to our readers the desire to make themselves acquainted with the whole of it. Miss Ingelow has brooded over her subject until the man Noah seems to come out with a very pathetic and fearful distinctness ; he is so far away that perhaps he may be spoken of as one of the unrealized character of the sacred volume ; almost unrealizable—but such a man lived, preacher of righteousness, moved by strange fears, amidst the sins of the world, preparing an ark, becoming the heir of a new world by his righteousness and his faith. He also is one of those men whose lives Scripture alone records, and as the reader begins to think of him, he will see a man who must have had tremendous capacities of grief and endurance—to us, like a strange, unreal, and yet real, night-walker he seems. Miss Ingelow has drawn him, as we remember no artist ever to have attempted to do before, she brings home to us the ring of the strange hammers, and the wages paid to the workmen who sneered and scoffed even at their own occupation. One of the illustrious progeny of the faithful in an unfaithful world was Noah—Paul describes him so, Christ describes him so, and Miss

Ingelow, by her vivid imagination of him, brings the man nearer to us—the ancestor of the illustrious line of Moses', Elijahs, John the Baptists, Pauls, Luthers, and Carlyles. Men full of despair, full of faith, full of pitying grief, able to see to what the present must come, and that nothing but ruin yawns before an epoch, out of which, however, a future is to emerge, but not until the race of the dragon shall have been well punished, drowned, and damned. The universal unbelief which laughed the patriarchal father to scorn, and only became a pitying fear even in the tenderness and agitation of his wife, is well portrayed; so also the grief of the man himself who had plenty of objects, and scenes, and people to love in the lovable and beautiful world which was either recklessly dancing on to ruin, or waving itself away to the same end through a mild, benignant, and graceful indifference.

The prayer of Noah. The man went forth by night
And listened; and the earth was dark and still,
And he was driven of his great distress
Into the forest; but the birds of night
Sang sweetly; and he fell upon his face,
And cried, "God, God! Thy billows and Thy waves
Have swallowed up my soul.

Where is my God?

For I have somewhat yet to plead with Thee;
For I have walked the strands of Thy great deep,
Heard the dull thunder of its rage afar,
And its dread moaning. Oh, the field is sweet—
Spare it. The delicate woods make white their trees
With blossom—spare them. Life is sweet; behold
There is much cattle, and the wild and tame,
Father, do feed in quiet—spare them.

In the following passage, the writer reaches the close:—

And Noah went up into the ship, and sat
Before the Lord. And all was still; and now
In that great quietness the sun came up,
And there were marks across it, as it were
The shadow of a Hand upon the sun—
Three fingers dark and dread, and afterward
There rose a white thick mist, that peacefully
Folded the fair earth in her funeral shroud,
The earth that gave no token, save that now
There fell a little trembling under foot.

And Noah went down, and took and hid his face
Behind his mantle, saying, "I have made
Great preparation, and it may be yet,
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Or God or man : it is not love received
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And Noah went down, and took and hid his face
Behind his mantle, saying, "I have made
Great preparation, and it may be yet,
Beside my house, whom I did charge to come
This day to meet me, there may enter in

Many that yesternight thought scorn of all
 My bidding." And because the fog was thick,
 He said, "Forbid it, Heaven, if such there be,
 That they should miss the way." And even then
 There was a noise of weeping and lament;
 The words of them that were affrighted, yea,
 And cried for grief of heart. There came to him
 The mother and her children, and they cried,
 "Speak, father, what is this? What hast thou done?"
 And when he lifted up his face, he saw
 Japhet, his well-belovèd, where he stood
 Apart; and Amarant leaned upon his breast,
 And hid her face, for she was sore afraid;
 And lo! the robes of her betrothal gleamed
 White in the deadly gloom.

And at his feet

The wives of his two other sons did kneel,
 And wring their hands.

One cried, "O, speak to us ;

We are affrighted ; we have dreamed a dream,
 Each to herself. For me, I saw in mine
 The grave old angels, like to shepherds, walk,
 Much cattle following them. Thy daughter looked,
 And they did enter here."

The other lay

And moaned, "Alas ! O father, for my dream
 Was evil : lo, I heard when it was dark,
 I heard two wicked ones contend for me.
 One said, ' And wherefore should this woman live,
 When only for her children, and for her,
 Is woe and degradation ? ' Then he laughed,
 The other crying, ' Let alone, O prince ;
 Hinder her not to live and bear much seed,
 Because I hate her. ' "

But he said, " Rise up,

Daughters of Noah, for I have learned no words
 To comfort you." Then spake her lord to her,
 " Peace ! or I swear that for thy dream, myself
 Will hate thee also."

And Niloiya said,

" My sons, if one of you will hear my words,
 Go now, look out, and tell me of the day,
 How fares it ? "

And the fateful darkness grew.

But Shem went up to do his mother's will ;
 And all was one as though the frightened earth
 Quivered and fell a-trembling ; then they hid
 Their faces every one, till he returned,
 And spake not. " Nay," they cried, " what hast thou seen ?
 Oh, is it come to this ? " He answered them,
 " The door is shut."

We have said that it is not in the epic that Miss Ingelow takes
 her chief place, but perhaps the quotations and the characteriza-

tions we have given will assure our readers that in this walk of her genius she is worthy of distinction and regard.

Poets who have made a great success with their first volume are usually unwise in the rapidity with which they follow it by their second—from this unwisdom even so great and accomplished a writer as Mrs. Webster is not free ; her first volume has become known to us through our knowledge of her second. We have not as yet introduced her at all to our readers, but without doubt in her we have a poet indeed ; capable of the very highest after the highest. She possesses a power of dramatic strength no woman has evidenced since Joanna Baillie ; a mastery of passion, a dissection and description of its moods which show her to be profound in the ways and workings of souls. The criticism was a just one which described her poem, "The Snow Waste," as uniting the horror which freezes in Edgar Allen Poe with the healthful and elevating chasteness of Wordsworth. The mischief of all such criticisms is that they seem to imply a weakness in the assigning to the individual poet the proper place to be occupied in the world of letters. We have spoken of a lyrist in Miss Ingelow ; there is no like success in Mrs. Webster when she attempts the lyrical ; her verses then become pretty, beautiful, but rising scarcely above what we meet with in many writers—it is, in fact, Mrs. Siddons singing opera music ; but her step is stately, and majestic in the higher efforts of genius ; she has evidently a command over the music of the feelings which wins by its awfulness, a subtle power of pathos, a faith in what mind is, and what it can be and do in its highest flights. Her "Sister Annunciata," evidences this in the fullest degree ; there are no probabilities of great popularity in this, probably the readers of Browning to Longfellow are as one to ten thousand,—poetry that cannot be read without thought, that cannot be read without a sensible taxation of nerve and feeling ; poetry that does not run along all the household rooms and find itself at home on the keys of the simplest flute or piano will never be, in the ordinary sense, popular ; such is the poetry of Mrs. Webster, when she really writes—a strong, clear, and, we are very glad to add, kind and tender observer ; but not the less faithful, therefore, in her description, discrimination, and insight ; mistress of those sudden revealing touches of words, which, as they light up some place in our memory, compel the reader to say "Ah ! she has been *there* too, has she ?" "She has felt *that*, and seen *that*." Quite unlike the pensive quiet of Miss Ingelow, whose dealings with the miseries or joys of minds, seem, very often, like wide generalisations, Mrs. Webster's, on the contrary, are sharp, clearly-defined, features of thoughts

and feelings which stand out distinct as if cut by steel, or stamped by a lightning flash. Few preachers with any earnestness, we suppose, have not felt all she so intensely describes in her poem called "A Preacher." One wonders how it came to a woman to paint such a portrait of a mind, the world believed to be in earnest, shuddering and recoiling back from its own sense of want of truth in itself. The womanhood of the present day is rich in poets, never was so rich in poets, who have written down and published themselves. Of Mrs. Webster we know nothing, but if her age have not yet reached its climax—a delicate matter to speak about where a lady is concerned—we should suppose that her achievements may be such as to command for her a very high place in the estimation of those to whom poetry is a great art, and a great help. These are the thoughts which make us regret that she has so instantly followed the success of her first volume by the publication of the second, of which we have little doubt that very many of its pieces, instead of being among the latest, are among the earliest productions of her mind and pen. In illustration of this, her poems, "Sister Annunciata," "The Snow Waste," and "With the Dead," may be mentioned as equal to most of the highest poems of the same order by living writers; the first especially, has an individuality entirely its own, while it reminds us greatly of the "St. Simeon Stylites" of our Laureate. "Sister Annunciata" is one who from her cloister in her long watch through the night in the convent chapel, is haunted by the mingled memories of an old love which she seeks to repress and conquer, and by spiritual ambitions and desires after holy eminence which beckon her; the poem is one of exquisite and considerable power, its lines are shaped into great energy and strength, and the gradual creeping hours, the night, the fading taper, the glimmering grey morning, the full gush of day, the solitude through all, the chapel bell at last breaking in on her solitude, the thoughts and memories linked with each successive period of the long watch, all is given with strength of versification which carries the reader along in a perfect and nervous painful sympathy with the speaker, there is a depth of passion, a knowledge of the subtleties and sophistries of the human heart, which seem to us to make it quite a memorable poem, it is long, and to quote it is to mar its perfect and continued beauty of dramatic soliloquy, still we may make our readers acquainted with some of its rhymes, the mingling of the woman in the saint, and the saint in the woman, shows her remarkable power,

I do not think
There can be sin in that, in knowing it.

I am not nursing the old foolish love
Which clogged my spirit in those bitter days.
Ah no, dear as it was even in its pain,
I have trampled on it, crushed its last life out.
I do not dread the beautiful serpent now;
It cannot breathe again, not if I tried
To warm it at my breast, it is too dead
And my heart has grown too cold; the Lord himself,
I thank Him, has renewed it virgin-cold
To give to Him. I do but recognise
A simple truth, that that which has been lived,
Lived down to the deeps of the true being, *is*
Even when past for ever, has become
Inseparable from the lifelong self:
But yet it lives not with the *present* life.
So, in this wise, I may unshamed perceive
That the dead life, that the dead love, are still
A part of me.

Nay do I fool myself?
Why do I fever so thinking of him?
Why do I think of him? What brought his face
So vividly before me? Angelo,
Art thou in the night-stillness waking now
Remembering me, remembering me who came
A little moment into thy bright life
And seemed to make it brighter, and then passed,
Leaving no doubt a little cloud behind,
Till when? Till now? Till death comes with the end?
Or till the other's smile had lighted it
With the rich rose of dawn to brighter day?
While she lies dreaming of the dainty dress
Ordered for next night's ball, art thou indeed
Thinking, alone in heart, of former days,
And asking the dull hush to speak of me?
Or is it but a careless memory
Passing thy dreamy thought a moment long,
A wondering lightly "Is she reconciled
To the lot they gave her?" But, whate'er it be,
Surely some thought of thine came to me now
And called mine to thee.

Nay, it must not be.
Oh once my own beloved, now a mere name,
A name of something that one day was dear,
In an old world, to one who is no more,
Vex me no more with idle communings,—
Love me, love her, what matters it to me?
I stand as far apart as angels are
From earthly passion—not by my own strength,
But by the grace shewn in me, and the bar
Of my divine espousal. Stand far off
Even in thought.

Another passage, further on in the night:—

Oh, only love, I never broke my truth
By questionings of yours, and you, I know,

Had in me that blind trust that was my right—
 And yet we are apart. Oh! it is hard!
 Has God condemned all love except of Him?
 Will He have only market marriages
 Or sprung from passion fancies soon worn out,
 Lest any two on earth should partly miss
 The anger and distrust that haunt earth's homes
 And cease to know there is no calm till death?

None for who lives the outside waking life:
 We are calm here, calm enough. O Angelo
 Why am I here in the ceaseless formal calm
 That makes the soul swell to one bursting self
 And seem the whole great universe, the while
 It only sees itself, learns of itself,
 Hopes for itself, feeds, preys upon itself
 And not one call comes to it from without
 "Think of me too, a little live for me,
 Take me with thee in growing nearer God"?
 Why am I—?

Am I mad? Am I mad? I rave
 Some blasphemy which is not of myself!
 What is it? Was there a demon here just now
 By me, within me? Those were not my thoughts
 Which just were thought or spoken—which was it?
 Oh not my thoughts, not mine! All saints of heaven
 Be for me, answer for me; I am yours,
 I am your Master's how can I be Satan's?
 I have not lost my soul by the wild words.
 Not yet, not yet.

Oh this was what I feared.
 The night-watch is a long one and I flag,
 My head is hot, I feel the fever fire
 Of weariness before the langour comes.
 I am left prey to Satan's snares for those
 Who too much live again the former life
 In the dangerous times of unwatched loneliness.
 He lurks in those retrodden paths, he makes
 His snaky coils of all these memories,
 Clogging them round my spirit, Is this the work
 Of long, long months, of years, undone in a night?

Alas! the ordeal is too hard for me.
 I am shut out in the dark! where is the oil
 To feed the virgin's lamp? What! are these tears
 Only of water? They should be of blood
 Fitter to weep my sin in.

I will wait;
 I cannot gather those old histories.
 My mind is wandering. I cannot tell
 How far I went, nay, if I had begun.
 I cannot think. But I can weep and pray.
 Surely I may break thus much the command
 And yet obey. Oh I may stop to pray
 And to repent. Oh I may weep and pray,
 So broken as I am. All saints of Heaven
 Pray with me, for me, pray or I am lost.
 I lost! I lost! Heaven's mercy on me, lost!

The following passage, in which amidst the strange hauntings of the midnight solitude, its shivering, nervous fears, she begins to impose upon herself with the idea that she is elected by heaven to be a great saint, dreamer of dreams, and seer of visions, seems also very faithfully rendered ; so the soul becomes its own hallucination, the victim of the spectres which dance upon the disc of its own creation :—

Have I slept? But no, I think I was in prayer
The whole time that I knelt—unless indeed
A little heavy moment at the last ;
It is too chill for sleep. How strange and grey
The morning glimmers ! What an awful thing,
Although one feels not why, the silence is
When the new creeping light treads on the dark
Like a white mist above it, and beside
Its leaden pallor hollow blacknesses
Lurk, shifting into limp uncertain shapes.
No place so long familiar but it seems
Weird and unwonted in such eery hours.
I wish my taper could have lingered out
Until the yellow dawn. Was that the wind
Hissing between the jarring lattice crannies,
Or a whispering voice in the room ? Hush, there again !
Nay 'tis the wind. What voice should come to me ?
I hear no voices, I ; no visions yet
Break on my tranced eyes when I seek God.
I have not risen so high ; neither I think
Fallen so at Satan's mercy that he dare
Front me with open tokens of the watch
Which he keeps whensoever one of his foes
Keeps holy watch alone. Yes, there again !
It is the rising wind-gust. How it moves
The shadow of that pine-bough on the wall,
Just growing plain-defined upon the square
The window makes of light across the room.
One might see it like an arm now, finger stretched
In act to curse—a withered witch-like arm
Waving its spells. But then another shadow,
The cross from the mullions, lies athwart it there
And that is steady. So the cross prevails
Over the curse.

Nay I am idle now
Wasting my vigil time in childish pranks
With unloosed fancy. Though I seem too tired
To school my wayward thoughts it must be done
They must not wander thus. But this grey glint :
Not light nor darkness, but between, like dreams
When one has slept and struggles to awake,
Unfits one for the real things of thought.
I wonder is the spirit-world more near
In the mystery of twilight than when day
Floods its broad reckless sunlight everywhere.

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 And yet we are apart. Oh! it is hard!
 Has God condemned all love except of Him?
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No place so long familiar but it seems
Weird and unwonted in such eery hours.
I wish my taper could have lingered out
Until the yellow dawn. Was that the wind
Hissing between the jarring lattice crannies,
Or a whispering voice in the room? Hush, there again !
Nay 'tis the wind. What voice should come to me?
I hear no voices, I ; no visions yet
Break on my tranced eyes when I seek God.
I have not risen so high ; neither I think
Fallen so at Satan's mercy that he dare
Front me with open tokens of the watch
Which he keeps whensoever one of his foes
Keeps holy watch alone. Yes, there again !
It is the rising wind-gust. How it moves
The shadow of that pine-bough on the wall,
Just growing plain-defined upon the square
The window makes of light across the room.
One might see it like an arm now, finger stretched
In act to curse—a withered witch-like arm
Waving its spells. But then another shadow,
The cross from the mullions, lies athwart it there
And that is steady. So the cross prevails
Over the curse.

Nay I am idle now
Wasting my vigil time in childish pranks
With unloosed fancy. Though I seem too tired
To school my wayward thoughts it must be done
They must not wander thus. But this grey glint :
Not light nor darkness, but between, like dreams
When one has slept and struggles to awake,
Unfits one for the real things of thought.
I wonder is the spirit-world more near
In the mystery of twilight than when day
Floods its broad reckless sunlight everywhere.

One feels it nearer. In these creeping hours
 One might so readily, when one had prayed
 With a spiritual passion half the night
 To have some message sent one, something shown
 That should reveal one clearly chosen His
 To glorify Him to the world, be fooled
 By eager faith and think that in the dusk
 One saw the longed-for vision, or one knew
 A voice inborne upon one's soul; while yet
 The high revealings were not granted one
 Found too unworthy still. Sometimes I think
 For me there is that danger—not to-night,
 I am so heavy with the weight of sleep
 Upon my struggling lips—no, not to-night:
 I feel too far from God even to be duped
 By poor rapt fancy, communing with shadows,
 Exulting ignorant in the dread deceit
 Which sets in place of God's most marvellous blessing
 A mocking and a curse.

Yet why a curse?

• • • • •

Needs there voice

Heard with the ears, or shape seen with the eyes,
 Or aught in contact with the body's sense,
 To make the spirit's high realities?
 Who knows what visions are? Why should I fear
 To think I see and see not? If the Lord
 Be pleased to press upon His handmaid's soul
 Revealings of His glory, should I urge
 Our crude material tests and then "If dreams
 Then these were nothings"? But such dreams vouchsafed
 Must be—can I err in thinking this?—God's facts,
 Beside which all we know by outward proof
 Were liker nothings, mere clay images
 To evidence to the lower human life
 What the divine life in the saint's freed soul
 Perceives as souls perceive in Heaven.

And yet

Signs outward have been proved: some have been seen
 By the eyes of many, crowned with marvellous light,
 Or in their presence lifted from the earth.
 There have been visible tokens—was there not
 Our own St. Catherine who received the wounds
 In an awful mystery, bearing them till death?
 Or could such be a constant vision pressed
 On the eyes of all who looked? Yet scarcely that.

Still she and such as she would need no proofs;
 Would know when Heaven was open to them—proofs
 Are for bystanders; but when lonely saints
 Unwatched, in still communion with their God,
 Kneel silently and have forgotten earth,
 Need the outward sense bear part in ecstasies
 Sent to the soul or?—

What have I to do
 With questioning knotty matters hard for me,

A babe in the faith? The dawn is mellowing
A little gold into its leaden lights :
My time for retrospect creeps to its end,
And I cannot think, although I know I dreamed
A something of my old life in the night,
That I have met the order given me
To the true fullness. Let me try at least
Somewhat more like confession of the faults
That should be to me in this better state
Each a distinct and hated memory.
But ah! it is so hard to summon them!
Would I were not so weary!

Fainting star,
Shivering above the strip of presage dawn,
Do you tremble at the glory stealing on
In which the world will lose you presently?
You are like one dying, one who chills and fears
While Heaven is closing round to hide his life,
He knows not how, with God. Why, it is darked :
A little cloud come on it—one might say
Death on it, and that when it issues thence
It will be flooded with the waiting glory
As the saint's soul is.

So the martyrs passed—
The blackness of an hour of agony,
And then the eternal light, the warmth, the love,
The triumph! Ah the second Catherine,
Whose painful course I keep before my eyes
As one we who live late may still achieve,
Has left a sadder wearier history
Than the first, the Alexandrian saint's. To live
A few short lifeful years made glorious
By the open courage daily fronting death,
By battle in God's name, and victories
On souls fought from false Gods, and then to die
In the highest victory God has given His own,
Die His before the eyes of thousands, die
In honour that earth cannot parallel,
Nor Heaven itself surpass, die martyr-crowned,
The glory of the Church to the end of time,
The marvel of the onlooking heathen world!
Yes, that, if in this dull indifferent age
That owns the creed and neither makes nor mars
But lets the saintship grow in the shade and then
Scores it to its own credit, such a life
Could find a place and such a death be earned,
That were the leadership to follow forth
With one's whole will and passion. Not perplexed,
I think, would such a stirring conflict be,
Like that my slow life wages in the dark :
And then the grander ending! Yet the years
Of patient war on sin and the poor flesh,
Of the second Catherine, won her ecstasies
Not less than tranced the other, and at last
She had her meed of honour, and her name

Is all I ought—Oh but I am too fond
 In my aspiring when I say so much—
 Is more than all I ought to hope for mine
 Among names everlasting.

And why not

My name among the holy ones like hers?
 Can I not fast and pray, tear my scarred flesh,
 Keep vigils day and night, dim my tired eyes
 With constant weepings, stint my earthly heart
 Of its most innocent food and starve it numb
 With ceaseless self-denial, check my life
 Even in its holiest vents? What could she more?
 And I, weak as I am and prone to faint,
 The fever of young life in the free world
 So newly passed from me, I do not shrink
 From the sharpest discipline. These many months,
 Not always fainting, I have schooled myself
 Upon her rigorous pattern—God alone
 Knows with what strained endurance—and the proofs
 Of my hardwon advance are not withheld.
 At times I feel my soul borne up to Heaven
 In holy rapture and I seem to breathe
 A life that is not earth's; at times a hush
 Falls on my being, and I feel at hand
 The Holy Presence, feeling nought beside,
 Dulled to all passing round me: and at times
 An influence is upon me and the fire
 Is kindled in my heart and my words break
 Into exultant praises, bursts of love,
 Or else in warnings and passionate pleadings
 Torn out with sobbings and with eloquence
 That is not mine and urges me myself
 Even more than the awed sisters who press round,
 Weeping and shaken to the very souls,
 And know not what to think of the strange power
 That thrills them through and through.

Broken as these quotations are, we think they will justify the very high estimate we have formed of them. The "Snow Waste" is a more weird and spectral, but we can scarcely regard it as so wonderful and perfect a poem, as "Sister Annunciata;" it is fearfully Dantesque, it is the story of one who had been guilty in life of an unnatural cruelty of hate arising from jealousy, condemned to wander for ever in a waste of snow between the corpses of his two victims.

I saw one sitting mid a waste of snow
 Where never sun looked down nor silvering moon,
 But far around the silent skies were grey,
 With chill far stars bespeckled here and there,
 And a great stillness brooded over all.
 And nought was there that broke the level plain,
 And nothing living was there but himself.

Yet was he not alone, there stood by him
One right, one left, two forms that seemed of flesh,
But blue with the first clutchings of their deaths,
Fixed rigid in the death-pang, glassy-eyed,
Turning towards him each a vacant gaze.
And he looked on them blankly, turn by turn,
With gaze as void as theirs. He uttered speech
That was as though his voice spoke of itself
And swayed by no part of the life in him,
In an uncadenced chant on one slow chord
Dull undulating surely to and fro.
And thus it ran.

The impassioned utterance, "the shadeless rhyme," seem to us wondrously to express that monotony of weary being to which the memories come, themselves hovering into spectres, but unable to awaken any remorse for sin, and leaving him only the subject of his horrible doom of cold.

"Because I know if I one pang could make
Of sorrow in me, if my heart could ache
One moment for the memories I spake,
The spell that is upon me now might break,
And I might with a sudden anguish shake
The numbness from it and perceive it wake,
And these be no more bound here for my sake
But slumber calmly in their silent lake.

"Then I like other men might pass away,
And cold could no more gnaw me when I lay
Amid these snows a painless heap of clay,
And though the sharp-tongued frosts my skin should flay,
I should not feel, no chills on me could prey
And gnaw their teeth into my bones for aye,
As now is my long doom that will not slay:
I should know no dull torture in decay.

"Ye dead who follow me, I think that ye,
If ye have any being save in me,
Must have much longing that such end should be
To my long wandering, that ye may flee
To the deep grave I gave ye and be free
From bondage here, and in death quiet be,
If ye can know and loathe the bitter lee
Ye drink from my dregged cup by That decree.

"Yet hear, if ye can hear, if ye have might,
Ye dead, to wake my heart from its strange night,
Hear now and waken it while I recite
That which hath brought on it this icy blight,
So I may come to mean my words aright
And not, as now, like some dull purblind wight
Prating by rote of shadow and of light
Or like an idiot echoing wisdoms trite.

"What love is now I know not; but I know
 I once loved much, and then there was no snow.
 A woman was with me whose voice was low
 With trembling sweetness in my ears, as though
 Some part of her on me she did bestow
 In only speaking, that made new life flow
 Quick through me: yet remembering cannot throw
 That spell upon me now from long ago."

God's great gift of love had been squandered by him, and even
 across the snow waste came the voice of the doom.

Called then a voice that was as though it dropped
 From the far stars and rose from the deep snows,
 And was in all and over all at once :
 "Hear once again: this was the doom pronounced :
 'Because thou hast cursed love which is a life
 And is God's greatest gift to souls on earth,
 All love shall die from thee; thou shalt not know it
 Even in thought. And since thou hast blasphemed
 That which is God to thee, and cursed the day,
 Thou shalt have lost all part in day. And know
 That herein lies a curse more than thy mind
 Can fathom yet.

"Too Late," is a tender little gem; indeed we put the *Dramatic Studies* among the most treasured of our recent volumes of verse. The last volume has not the sustained strength, the careful revision of every page, which marks the first, but in it, too, there is evidence of great power, but not the same concentration of power; it is evidently in what she herself calls *Dramatic Studies* that Mrs. Webster finds the appropriate incentives, and field of her peculiar genius.

Before we leave the productions of recent female authors, we may refer with much satisfaction to yet one other writer. It is always a pleasure to us to receive one of Miss Greenwell's little volumes. They make no pretensions, but they are full of quiet, earnest, and holy thoughtfulness. We believe about each of them we have expressed a sense of admiration and enjoyment as they have appeared. As an essayist and writer of books calculated to be helpful to earnestly religious minds we should estimate her powers more highly than as a poet, but she cannot write badly, and whether in verse or prose she must impart to what she says the energy and sweetness of a fresh, real nature. The volume of poems before us, although not so described, must be with some additions substantially the same we suppose as that which received our commendations about six years since. We perceive some old favourites we quoted then, although we cannot lay our hand upon the volume to mark the addi-

tions. Sweetness is their chief characteristic ; thoughtful sweetness ; the characteristic of her prose we should describe rather as thoughtful, pathetic, feminine strength. The piece entitled, “*The Saturday Review*,” has had the honour to awaken the irascibility of the thick hided pagan of the press ; but with admirable good sense, the Reviewer abuses and sneers at the lady, but does not quote the poem of “the angry poetess ;” who writes, “Mild little ineffablenesses and meditations prompted by rural dawdlings in the moonlight,” and “Keeping on begging for mercy for cant and affectation,” &c., &c. The poem itself, although quite out of Miss Greenwell’s usual vein, and by no means the most favourable specimen of her powers, we think it so good and true that we will quote it. Like Miss Greenwell, we seem to have a faith that “*The Saturday*” can only believe in all unbelief ; it would perhaps be impossible to find a single good thing, or good movement, that ever had the good word of this Pilate of the press ; it is always ready to go in for a crucifixion, and the more Christ-like the character, the more jolly the cry of “Crucify him ! crucify him !” This is its character and creed in religion and morals with the old *nil admirari* cry, “Admire nothing, wonder at nothing “in nature or literature.” This Miss Greenwell satirises :—

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

“Learn to live, and live and learn,”

In the days when I used to go to school,
Would always pass for an excellent rule ;
But now it’s grown a serious concern
The number of things I’ve had to *unlearn*
Since first I began the page to turn

Of The Saturday Review.

For once (I believe) I believed in truth
And love, and the hundred foolish things
One sees in one dream and believes in one’s youth—
In Angels with curls, and in Angels with wings,
In Saints, and Heroes, and Shepherds too ;
The pictures that David and Virgil drew
So sweetly, I thought were taken
From very life, but now I find
A Shepherd is but an uncouth Hind,
Songless, soulless, from time out of mind,
Who has cared for nothing but bacon.

And though to confess it may well seem strange,
When I had them by scores and dozens
(I was young, to be sure, and all things change),
I really *have* liked my cousins,
And schoolfellows too, and can bring to mind
Some uncles of mine who were truly kind,
And aunts who were far from crusty ;

And even my country neighbours too
 Didn't seem by half such a tedious crew
 As now I find they must be.

And I used to think it might be kind,
 In the world's great marching order,
 To help the poor stragglers left behind,
 Halt and maimed, and broken and blind,
 On their way to a distant border ;
 Not to speak of the virtuous poor, I thought
 There was here and there a sinner.
 Might be mended a little, though not of the sort
 One would think of asking to dinner.
 But now I find that no one believes
 In Ragged Children, or Penitent Thieves,
 Or Homeless Homes, but a few Old Maids
 Who have tried and failed at all other trades,
 And who take to these things for recreation
 In their aimless life's dull Long Vacation.

And so as we're going along with the Priest
 And Levite (the roads are more dry in the East)
 We need have no hesitation,
 When the mud is lying about so thick,
 To scatter a little and let it stick
 To the coat of the good Samaritan, used
 To be spattered, battered, blackened, and bruised ;
 These sort of people don't mind it the least—
 Why, bless you, it's *their* vocation !

Yet sometimes I've thought it a little strange,—
 When good people get such very hard change,
 In return for their kindly halfpence,
 When the few who are grieved for sorrows and sins
 Are bowled to the earth like wooden pins,
 When to care for the heathen, or pity the slave,
 Sets a man down for fool or knave,
 With *The Saturday* in its sapience,—
 Things that are mean and base and low
 Are checked by never a word or blow ;
 The gaping crowds that go in hope
 To see Blondin slip from the cruel rope
 Tightened or slack, and come away
 In trust of more luck another day,
 Meet never a line's reproving ;
 Heenan and Sayers may pound and thwack
 Each other blue and yellow and black,
 And only get a pat on the back
 From the power that keeps all moving.

And I sometimes think, if this same *Review*,
 And the world a little longer too
 Should last, will the violets come out blue ?
 Will the rose be red, and will lovers woo
 In the foolish way that they used to do ?
 Will doves in the summer woodlands coo,

And the nightingales mourn without asking leave?
Will the lark have an instinct left to cleave
The sunny air with her song and her wing?—
Perhaps we may move to abolish spring;
And now that we've grown so hard to please,
We may think that we're bored by the grass and the trees;
The moon may be proved a piece of cheese,

Or an operative delusion.

Fathers and Mothers may have to go,
Brothers and Sisters be voted slow,
Christmas a tax that one's forced to pay,
And Heaven itself but an out-of-the-way
Old-fashioned place that has had its day,
That one wouldn't a residence choose in.

And though so easily learnt, and brief
Is the form our new faith's put in,
When we've said, “I believe in a Round of Beef,
And live by a Leg of Mutton,”
We come to another region of facts,
That are met quite as well by the Gospel and *Acts*
As by any teaching that's newer—
Life has its problems hard to clear,
And its knots too stiff to be cut by the sneer
Of the sharpest, smartest Reviewer.

But this is the only poem of the kind in the volume; a sweet, mystical, churchly devotion and affectionateness, something like that, often charming in the verses, almost unknown—why are they so?—of Mary Maynard. Sometimes to mark again the distinction between the prose and the verse, the meaning almost too mythical, not so sharp, distinct, and clear as in the prose—as in the following:

WHEN THE NIGHT AND MORNING MEET.

In the dark and narrow street,
Into a world of woe,
Where the tread of many feet
Went trampling to and fro,
A child was born—speak low!
When the night and morning meet.

Full seventy summers back
Was this; so long ago,
The feet that wore the track
Are lying straight and low;
Yet hath there been no lack
Of passers to and fro.

Within the narrow street
This childhood ever played;
Beyond the narrow street
This manhood never strayed;
This age sat still and prayed
Anear the trampling feet.

The tread of ceaseless feet
 Flowed through his life, unstirred
 By waters' fall, or fleet
 Wind music, or the bird
 Of morn; these sounds are sweet,
 But they were still unheard.

Within the narrow street
 I stood beside a bed,
 I held a dying head
 When the night and morning meet;
 And every word was sweet,
 Though few the words we said.

And as we talked, dawn drew
 To day, the world was fair
 In fields afar, I knew;
 Yet spoke not to him there
 Of how the grasses grew,
 Besprent with dewdrops rare.

We spoke not of the sun,
 Nor of this green earth fair;
 This soul, whose day was done,
 Had never claimed its share
 In these, and yet its rare
 Rich heritage had won.

From the dark and narrow street,
 Into a world of love
 A child was born,—speak low,
 Speak reverent, for we know
 Not how they speak above,
 When the night and morning meet.

Most of the verses in the volume are happily characterized in the couplet she quotes from old George Wither:

Thoughts too deep to be expressed,
 Yet too strong to be suppressed.

This, no doubt, very truly characterizes all poetry, however high or low it may be, only so that it be real, these also seem all leaves from real life; the life that cannot be seen, but goes on plying its shuttle of earnest thought and pure feeling within. She expresses something of this in the sonnet called, "Life Tapestry."

Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye
 Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused
 Above each stitch awry, and thread confused;
 Now will I think on what in years gone by
 I heard of them that weave rare tapestry
 At Royal looms, and how they constant use
 To work on the rough side, and still peruse

The pictured pattern set above them high :
So will I set MY COPY high above,
And gaze and gaze till on my spirit grows
Its gracious impress ; till some line of love
Transferred upon my canvas, faintly glows ;
Nor look too much on warp or woof, provided
He whom I work for sees their fairer side !

Very pretty and simple, the following :—

HOME.

Two birds within one nest ;
Two hearts within one breast ;
Two spirits in one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch ;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win,
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

A great and affectionate admirer of Elizabeth Browning, the volume is dedicated to her memory, and at an interval of two years between each, we have two sonnets, to the queen of English poetesses :—

I lose myself within thy mind—from room
To goodly room thou ledest me, and still
Dost show me of thy glory more, until
My soul like Sheba's Queen faints, overcome,
And all my spirit dies within me, numb,
Sucked in by thine, a larger star, at will ;
And hasting like thy bee, my hive to fill,
I "swoon for very joy" amid thy bloom ;
Till—not like that poor bird (as poets feign)
That tried against the Lutanist's her skill,
Crowding her thick precipitate notes, until
Her weak heart brake above the contest vain—
Did not thy strength a nobler thought instil,
I feel as if I ne'er could sing again !

I praised thee not while living ; what to thee
Was praise of mine ? I mourned thee not when dead ;
I only loved thee,—love thee ! oh ! thou fled
Fair spirit, free at last where all are free,
I only love thee, bless thee, that to me
For ever thou hast made the rose more red,
More sweet each word by olden singers said
In sadness, or by children in their glee ;
Once, only once in life I heard thee speak,
Once, only once I kissed thee on the cheek,

And met thy kiss and blessing; scarce I knew
Thy smile, I only loved thee, only grew
Through wealth, through strength of thine, less poor, less weak;
On what hath death with souls like thine to do?

It adds very much to that feeling of contempt with which all genuine and honest natures, with the faintest feelings of love and belief, must regard *The Saturday Review*, that it can have spoken of this very real and most unaffected little volume of true poems in the terms in which it has done; it has neither the melody of trumpets nor the roll of organs, but Æolian harps and flute-like airs merit praise for their sweetness and gratitude to those who awaken such for us—this is the merit of this little volume. With the poems of Miss Greenwell, we received her little volume of essays, and have been greatly pleased by the spirit which prevades them all; they are all written, evidently, with a genuine design to do good, and to do good in the best manner, by promoting kindness of feeling, and by striking down to the roots of that growing cynicism which is becoming a painfully prevalent characteristic of our times, “*Christianos Ad Leones*,” “*Hardened in Good*,” “*Prayer*,” and “*Popular Religious Literature*,” and the essay on our “*Single Women*,” cannot fail, if read, to produce in the mind of the reader wise, wide, and kindly feelings.

IV.

ECCLESIA DEI.*

THE author of *Ecclesia Dei* apparently feels that his views have been so far misunderstood, or that he has in his larger work so far failed to convey his meaning, that he is called upon, in the subsequent and smaller book, to recapitulate, and in some sense to re-state, his views. It seems, from his first page, that those views have been excepted too, as "speculative," "circuitous in their method," and "ill-fitted for the times." The thoughtful author, if acquainted with the general intention of our *Review*, will scarcely expect from us unqualified sympathy. To the elevation of feeling and thought, to the ardent conception which shines through his design, we give our most cheerful sympathy; but it cannot be concealed from us that his conception of the Church of God is far too merely ecclesiastical, we will not say to delight a Nonconformist, but rather any one whose idea of the Church is of a great spiritual society—a corporation, a body, if the author will—but living in an inheritance of spiritual light and fellowship, and harmonised by purely spiritual laws. It is the author's conviction, and we certainly entirely agree with him, that an elevated ideal of the nature, and origin, and design of the Church would produce a elevated and more noble actual Church. Surely we think so, but the excellent writer must forgive us if we think he has much yet to learn in this direction himself. We take no prejudice against him because he is very evidently a Churchman of the Establishment; but, surely, a writer who demands a very exalted idea of Church life should talk even with somewhat less acerbity and narrowness than he does of "sectarian" life. We declare ourselves unable to comprehend what, in the estimate of such writers as our author, constitutes a sectarian. Does the mere signing of thirty-nine articles, and submission to the Lord Chancellor, liberate from that charge? Our author, on the fifty-first page of his *Church Life*, expresses a doubt whether the "indi-

*1. *Ecclesia Dei. The Place and Functions of the Church in the Divine Order of the Universe, and its Relation with the World.* Alexander Strahan.

2. *Church Life. Its Grounds and Obligations.* By the Author of *Ecclesia Dei.* Alexander Strahan.

"vidual prayers of the sectarian are entitled to the designation of "worship." Such sentiments are a bad preliminary and qualification for the entrance into that larger room, to which he desires to conduct us. That the heavenly state, and the heavenly places are a region of divine order, and, therefore, perfect and holy, we have no doubt : and that Christ and His sacrifice form the sun and centre of all orders of heavenly blessedness, we have no doubt ; but perhaps it does not therefore follow that the Lord Chancellor and his warrants are an essential part of that order—although a dissent from such an idea constitutes a sectarian in this country—or that the eucharist, (a term which the writer constantly employs, and, we think, with considerable cloudiness, and indefiniteness of meaning), must be for all Church order the subject of a joint objective participation among Christian believers. We thank our author heartily for his *Ecclesia Dei*, it is full of noble and most exalted views of the Christian faith and the Christian Church, intermixed with not a little for which we have slight Scriptural warrant, and hints of somethings which seem to lie quite outside the analogy of faith. But, after all, we cannot but feel that our *Ecclesia Dei* is larger than the author's. It is a poor antithesis, after a stately walk among the decrees, and the angels of God, to find that we drop down so prone upon the earth, that the gateway into the kingdom is to be guarded and kept by the rural dean, and that the true way to rise to the exalted ideal of the Church, and Church unity, the author sets before him is in the combination of parishes in the rural deaneries. The author seems to have a very high conception of the parochial system of the Church of England (for the injustice which even within its own order, we confess to feelings little short of abhorrence and contempt), as among the most important of the existing resources of the universe, and quite commensurate with the requirements of spirits, whose faculties ages have enlarged. Seldom, we think, have we seen a work whose opening magnificence, and far-reaching splendour of insight, so limpt its wing at the close among the nets of ecclesiastical trammellings. The truth is, there has been the weakness of the author, the attempt to harmonise the infinite decrees of God, with the decrees of the vice-chancellor's court, and the ordinances of the rubric. It must be confessed the task was a hard one ; but we shall not allow this to bias our minds from the feeling that the author has produced a most interesting and suggestive work, and one which we think, cannot be read without, in some measure, fulfilling his design in its composition—the calling away our current, and vague, and incoherent representations of the things eternal and unseen, to the everlasting realities, which God seeks throughout His book to embody

to our vision. We have no doubt it is very true, as the writer says, our popular theology is misty, and incoherent. As little doubt have we of the truth of what the author says:—

Yes! underneath the abstract theologies which man's idolatrous tendencies, and his restless propensity for speculation, have originated, and enclosed within the strange, uncouth phrases they have been expressed in—are the actual realities of our place in the Universe. And there also may be discerned the inalienable relations in which man has been placed, and the imperative obligations that have been laid upon him. Unquestionably they are there. And, surely, any pains and sacrifice would be well incurred in an endeavour to extricate those great verities from the clouds and mists which have been exhaled from them, and to set them forth in their own clearness and simplicity.

There is a pretty tradition in Germany, which the poet Uhland has wrought—surely with a true poet's instinct of the earnest signs of our age—into one of his most charming ballads, of the "Lost Church." Somewhere in the inaccessible depths of a forest there is a church, the way to which has been lost, it lies immured and unseen amidst tall ranks of thick trees, the pathways to it all choked up by deep entangled overhanging brushwood; the traveller on the skirts of the forest, in the deep night, often hears the sweet sounds as of chiming bells poured upon the air, and he says, "Ah, there are the winds playing upon the bells of the lost Church." Tradition says, that now and then a stray wanderer has lighted upon the happy path, beyond the brake and the brushwood, and found himself by moonlight upon the mystical smooth lawn, and among the hoary monuments lying around the lost Church; he has even entered and beheld all its simplicity and glory of service, in which shady forms, and old priestly men of the past and quiet ages seemed to be taking part, drinking from the shining chalice there, and lifting up their voices in sweet hymns, those the old fathers of our race chanted so far back in the night of time, while still clear overhead rang the soft tones and chimes of the bells. But the traveller, though he found his way back to the road, was never able to trace his steps or guide others in the way to the lost Church. The tradition seems very happily to embody many of the feelings and griefs of the age in which we live. Multitudes sigh over and after the lost Church. We can look back to days when it seems the Church was one and universal. We keep out of our sight the fact that the beliefs of men were in general, as we should call them now, very unintelligent; the differences of sentiment created by knowledge were confined to a few school men, if indeed they existed to any considerable extent at all.

Points of divergence, either in Church government or in theology, had no books or combination of thoughts, amidst which to ripen. Populations were very scanty, in the midst of them stood everywhere the Church, and everywhere too, the cross. As St. Ambrose says, "standing in the Church like the masts of a ship, to which men might cling in the wreck of the world." Sentiment and action in those days were very much one. It is of no use looking back over such a time, to grieve that it has departed; the printing press and the universal friction of opinion have destroyed all that. Infinite varieties of opinion have sprung up, a crying of "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" this may, perhaps, not be the case in some spots of Europe, but they are exactly the spots in which the immobility of the soul is the price paid for the absence of knowledge, and the intelligent grounds of faith. Through many nations, but especially through those in which intelligence is highest, men feel as if complaining over a lost Church. What was once so beautiful, and clear, in the light, so visible, and unquestioned everywhere, and what must exist somewhere and somehow, if Christ and His revelation be true, as apparently as one great central object commanding man's thoughtful love, either receded out of sight, or we have receded from it; as in the fable, thick, vast columns, of confusing thoughts, heresies, and opinions, stand like immense regiments of forest trees, between us and it; where every avenue seems choked up by a network of worldlinesses; contradictions, trailing fancies, or feeble faiths preventing the traveller's approach. Good men who, large in their nature and thought, seek to lead the more earnest and adventurous bands along the dark ways, like the author of *Ecclesia Dei*, find themselves ensnared in "eucharistic theories" and "rural deaneries," so that it seems impossible to find the lost Church. Is it so? Again, as with the fable, individual travellers wind their way through the thicket, and the forest gloom, and to the measure to which they are capable, and trustworthy spiritual travellers, their evidence will avail as showing that the lost Church really exists; and what is the character, and what are the conditions of it. It is an old saying, in a well-known book, "that was not first which was spiritual, but that which was natural, and afterwards that which was spiritual." If we have not reached, may we not hope that we are drawing near to the spiritual age. In the desert men live together in the caravan, in the tent—poetry and romance may even look back upon such an episode, as quite refreshing, exhilarating and beautiful—but men who have reached their homes, in farms, villages, and cities, will scarcely turn back to that as the most desirable and enviable of human con-

ditions to the man of elevated spiritual conceptions; the grief over a lost Church unity will be just as romantic and unreal. His mind will enlarge, as we have said before, to the knowledge, that the perception of order and harmony in the heavenly hierarchies need not therefore imply just such order as we conceive in our most impoverished, and often sinful, and foolish conditions of human law. If it were so, we might as well grieve because we cannot keep up a perfect transcript of all the formalism and ceremonies of the theocratical ritualism of Moses, which indeed, many amongst us seem to exert their best to do. The views with which the author of *Ecclesia Dei* opens his volume have a very sublime aspect, like Hooker, he believes that the Church—that great spiritual society ordained by God—is no mere accident, but a manifestation of the order of the universe; he believes that there is community of moral and material nature between ourselves and the inhabitants of other worlds; and this throws a light upon his whole conceptions with reference to the present and future life. By this thought he seems to “ascend” with the “men of clean hands and pure hearts,” “who have not lifted up their soul to vanity, nor sworn deceitfully,” unto the hill of Jehovah; a thought like this enables him to stand in the high and the holy place, to grasp this thought firmly is certainly to step into the knowledge of the whole supernatural economy of the conditions beneath which we live, and to be saved from undue exaggeration of our present individual life, and those apparently paramount interests which seem to govern it. Certainly, all views of the Church, which do not include some such thought as this, fall far short of giving any honour to God, or any comfort and satisfaction to human spirits. Revelation throughout, from its beginning to its close, seems consistently to maintain this; it would be idle work to attempt to illustrate it, but this clearly seen and felt, all the arrangements in connection with the spiritual society or Church on earth point to the relation to, and preparation for, the greater spiritual society. This is the great view of the Church; in giving effect to it we are sensible of all the help that may be derived from sacraments, ordinances, and teachings, as also from pain, discipline, and manifold human endeavours, tending to create a Divine compliance with the Divine will in human souls, but in the light of such an idea into what insignificance shrink rites, and observances, chasubles, and chalices. The author shows that God’s infinite designs did not simply overtake human apostacy, but have dissipated it; out of evil “bringing forth good, and better; thence again, “in infinite progression;” he starts from the fine truth, that the fall is not an origin, creation is before it, and that the purpose of

God in Christ is before creation, and is the true origin of all being, the true end of all revelation, through the unbroken solitudes, God, the sole occupant of all His infinite domains, looked and determined to fill them with material habitations, and to people with immortal life. In a fine passage the author says:—

Unto this, as the final purpose which comes within our view, all the arrangements of His economy converge. The natures with which He so intended to replenish the domains that hitherto had been unoccupied, were to exist as reflections of Himself. Coming forth at successive periods, and beginning their courses at different stages in the scale of being, they were all to be made susceptible of the emotions which wrought within His nature, and capable of intellectual action identical in kind with that which He exerted. And it was His purpose that the consciousness which brought them into such closeness of affinity with His own being, and which fitted them to hold communion with Him, should be gradually developed and perfected. From the respective positions in which He originally placed them, He designed that they should move forward, in endless progression, nearer and nearer to Himself. It is possible, indeed, and the devout exercise of reason demands from us the acknowledgment, that, beside and beyond this, other purposes were entertained by Him: further and vaster designs may have been contemplated in His creative work. But, in our view, the final purpose to which He has made all things subordinate, is—The welfare, and the progressive development through ever-ascending degrees of blessedness, of those spiritual and immortal natures which are kindred with His own.

This intention, wrought in the depths of His Triune existence at that moment, just before the beginning of time, to which our thoughts are carried backward. And then we see Him disclosing the mysterious Fellowship in which He had abode from all eternity. In that Person of His being through Whom His relations with His new creatures would be maintained, He manifested Himself in a grand operation of His creative might. Through the agency of the only-begotten Son, God made the heavens and the earth!

Such views of the Church, in its origin, as these may well have the effect of leading out the spirit into those calm regions where earthly and sectarian passion and prejudice find no atmosphere in which they can breathe freely, and where as nothing but steady faith can move firmly and freely, so nothing that can offer a holding-place for narrowness and bitterness presents itself. After this, starting from the fixed and divine centre of all being, creatures of all kinds are to be recognised, as in the framework and constitution by which the Divine purpose is to be built up. It is indeed true that in following out his thoughts on the Divine order and human apostacy, the writer becomes largely speculative. We have had great pleasure in following him through his specu-

lations, they are not without Scriptural warrant, though upon many of them he seems to insist, perhaps, too much, as though they were matters of absolute revelation. He has evidently a strong desire to harmonise those supposed distractions which exist between the immense dream, ideas, and discoveries, of modern science and the theory of the Christian Church which in truth is only irreconcilable when the Christian determines to interpret Christian truth after his own narrow conceptions. We cannot forbear quoting again, when he says:—

This element must also be taken account of in our survey of the heavenly kingdom, whose provinces stretch away, far around and backward, from our place and epoch; and we must add these labours and testimonies to our view of the occupations of those heirs of immortality whom revelation has made known to us. It is thus we see them in the regions which on all sides surround our world, and thus had they abode in the long interval between the beginning, and the first epoch of man's history. Long before he had been called forth to take his place amongst them their progress had been marked by wondrous developments; great eras had arisen in their histories; for they were already numerous when the human race was added to their communities, and ages had then passed since the creation of those whom we must speak of as their progenitors and patriarchs. It is probable that the hitherto silent, lonely spaces of the universe were widely filled in the beginning, and that the aboriginal races of its occupants were numerous. And analogy further suggests that, ever since that earliest epoch, God has wrought in the creation of new families and races, some arising at points in the scale of existence which were before unoccupied, and for whom new spheres accordant with the special qualities of their natures, would need to be provided; while others, added to the communities already formed, and similarly endowed with their founders and first members, would require an enlargement and increase of the places of their habitation. The universe as an abode of life must have been continually widening, vaster portions of its waste places have been constantly reclaimed, while the domains already occupied have likewise been replenished with a richer exuberance of being.

So do the scenes beyond our ken, which revelation, interpreting and enlarging the disclosures of science, opens out to us, extend themselves in space and in duration; and with such an import have the glimpses of the state and fortunes of their occupants been furnished. And the impression and consciousness which is thus conveyed to us must be retained: we must keep this enlarged view of our place and history in remembrance, as we now come to the period when this world was prepared as an abode and stage of discipline for moral natures, and when those human beings were placed in it, who were meant to become the founders of a long order and series of natures created like themselves.

It is thus that we see man brought into his place among the sharers

of the immortal existence whose form and conditions we have been describing.

God, then, was not frustrated or disappointed, as some most narrow, ignorant, and dangerous theologians would have us to believe, by man's fall; so far from it the dispensation of recovery, that point of the Divine dispensation and purpose in which the Church as a plan of God emerges into light, is as really related to Divine order as any condition of the Divine Being or existence, Divine plan, constitution, and order related to the kingdoms of spirit, operating through sin, although not in this impugning the purity of the Divine Being, reclaiming and recovering, forming a Zion of light, composed of the "spirit of just men made perfect," working through atoning mediation by acts of trust, by denials of self, incorporating the whole into the body of Christ, "the first begotten of the Father, the first born from the dead" into a fulness of immortal life to be shared with the unfallen, a life of affiance here in the mediator, of sustenance by the power of the Holy Ghost, a life of conscious fellowship with God, and of influence flowing from that awakened consciousness. Such is the outline of the idea of the Church in its higher conception, such, briefly and summarily given by us, is the idea of the Church of God, which characterises the early pages of the book to which we are especially calling attention, the *Ecclesia Dei*. *Church Life* is, as we have before said, only the synoptical elucidation of the larger work. Now we venture to think that such an idea firmly grasped must, as we have already said, raise the mind above all poor sectarian bitterness and partisanship; the author says this in fact himself, he maintains the Catholic as distinguished from the sectarian idea of the Church. By the Catholic he means that view which he says he finds in the writings of such men as Augustine, S. Anselm, Luther, Hooker—and he names with them, Julius Hare. He says the doctrine of sacramental grace, wisely stated, rises from their works; the great conception of the Church is of an irremedial institution built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, but resting, as on its chief corner stone, on the incarnation of the Son of God. Very good so far, but wide as seems the foundation upon which the author builds, he himself soon becomes a sectarian, he narrows the virtue and efficacy and constitution of the remedial institution by sacramental grace. Is not the idea of grace sufficient for him? As to *sacramental* grace we know what that comes to, and instantly rises to our view all the bitterness and narrowness from which we pray to see the Church delivered. Now our *Ecclesia Dei* again we find must have a larger room than our

author is willing to grant, or we shall not find our way back to the lost Church. Sacramental grace! well, Rome would make summary work with multitudes. What becomes of every holy soul that has breathed in the Greek Church, St. Joseph of the Studium, or St. John Damascene? and what becomes of the multitudes of the great Anglican schism and apostacy? and what becomes of all the multitudes of "sectaries," as our author delights to call them, to whom the sacraments were indeed beautiful and precious ordinances, speaking signs of the presence of Christ in His Church, although not the vehicles along which alone the river of divine influence ran. John Howe was as sublime and seraphic a spirit as Hooker; Bunyan as Jeremy Taylor—Jonathan Edwards, perhaps, far more so than Butler; they, and millions besides, are altogether outside the author's theory of Church order; it is not large enough to contain them. Do we imply, then, that there is no order, that the Church constitution, as ordained by God, is a chaos and confusion? certainly not. As we have no doubt of the ultimate design of the Church, so we have, no doubt, as the author says, that it was intended that men should "assemble, at special seasons, on "ground consecrated for its great ends, and to bring them "forward in the highest aspect, and in the loftiest relation which "belongs to them." But God works all this through human freedom, and the Quaker, Isaac Penington, or George Fox, or Stephen Grellet, or William Foster, and the like, fulfil the condition, and fall as perfectly into the divine constitution and order, of the kingdom of grace, as Augustine, Luther, or Hooker. *We* believe in sacraments; we believe them to be historically and spiritually useful, and enjoined by God's word, but compared with the great end and design of the Church, we regard them as mere expediences, and should not dare, because of their absence, to pronounce a sentence of exclusion upon those for whom we can have no doubt Christ died, and who, it may be in the ability to dispense with such expediences, realise a loftier life, and breathe more freely a spiritual atmosphere than those to whom they are indispensable. We have no doubt that, as there are laws of thought here, so all the blessed hierarchies and infinite populations, of the invisible kingdom of spirits, are the loyal subjects of divine order and law; but we do not apprehend that we are aware of more than the rudiments of that law, and to attempt to fit all the relations of divine things into the groove of Ecclesiastical law and ceremony seems to us only a painful and marvellous freak of human absurdity. There is, we have no doubt, a pattern on the mount; but Christ has taught us that pattern is best realised by

human freedom ; and Church rules and ceremonies we have learnt to regard as being, at best, mere expediences for the realising the divine idea. They, too, like the world in which we live, are but an illusive framework, parts of that entire phenomenal universe of which the author speaks ; as the phenomenal world has been called into existence for the purposes of human development and education, so there is a merely phenomenal Church life, and it is sad, as when we see the life of material phenomena eclipsing, putting out of sight, even in certain minds extinguishing, the human consciousness, by which and for which alone it exists, so it is sad when the phenomenal Church is made to be the chief, almost the exclusive, thing in the divine order, and to eclipse, and almost to extinguish, that to the maintenance of which it is simply instrumental. Having said this, we are quite prepared to believe, with the author of *Ecclesia Dei*, that amidst what he calls the "brain-created mists," and the vague and narrow ideas of plausible theology which have tended very greatly to the disturbance of those lofty conceptions and Church arrangements, which might have aided in the development of the great Church ideas, it is sadly true, that the symmetry of the Church, as an institution in the world, has been marred and broken. Chief to blame in this is Rome, Papal Rome, with its wild and wicked persecutions and flagrant heretical moonings and follies, and the only less because wrought upon a smaller scale selfish, persecuting, and political spirit of the Church of England, in this country mistress and mother of all cruel bitternesses, misunderstanding, and disunions. "Narrowness, levity, and vulgar coarseness are the unfailing attributes of the sectarian spirit," says our author. We had thought that there were some millions of minds like those of John Howe, John Owen, Richard Baxter, Bates, and John Pye Smith, not to mention others who might have escaped such a sweeping charge. Alas ! we have seen "narrowness, levity, and vulgar coarseness," among ministers at the shrines of Rome, and in the pulpits of the Establishment ; but let that pass. We are free sadly to admit, that too often the melancholy characteristics have defiled and defaced our religious communities, and impaired the fair symmetry of the Church, and impeded its pathway of power ; everywhere it is to be regretted, that liberty has too much become the occasion for license, and men wage vain sciomachies, and stumble in the darkness over the wretched brushwood of their own fancies and opinions, and so complain that the Church is lost, and that the way to it cannot be reclaimed. The marvel is that amidst it all man does believe still in the lost Church, silences himself sometimes to listen to

the music of the distant bells ; there seems a steadfastness in the divine order, which we cannot at all trace in the human order, and thus, as in innumerable old Church pictures, the bearers of the grapes from Eschol to the wanderers in the wilderness, were represented, symbolising, it was said, the Jew and the Gentile carrying Christ round the world, the Jew going before, and the Gentile following behind, so in fact it has been, and the knowledge of Christ and Him crucified, and wondrous openings into the unseen world, and the glimpses through the veil of sense, and the elevation of the spirit, to the knowledge of the divine constitution and spiritual society, ordained by God, have resulted quite as much from envy and strife as from the good will of believers ; the author of our work is not indisposed to acknowledge this, although, we suppose with a different accent to our own, he reminds us of those apocalyptic visions in which the celestial ranks hierarchies, and orders, the elders, and the seven spirits, and the living ones, remained around the throne unchanged, and undisturbed, while out of the throne proceeded thunders, and lightning, and voices, so the fixed and changeless order is maintained even in a realm of discord, and the divine purpose, and seraphic ranks of the holy workers, hold on their way amidst the confusion and the uproar.

The work to which we are devoting this attention, is an effort made to state what may be regarded as the fulfilment of the divine order in its methods, results, and future consummations. He believes that this is closely related to the revival of diocesan discipline, he quotes Isaac Taylor (for whom he seems to have a great admiration, and with whom we could almost conceive with the writer a relationship) when he says, " We may decry "episcopacy, but the Lord sends us bishops." It almost reminds us of the old proverb, " The Lord sent the meat, but the devil sent the cooks ; " we are not ignorantly insensible to the value of episcopacy, but surely we do not mean by this any commendations of the English type of the thing, the order of animal which Thomas More, calls the "*episcopax vorax*," we can conceive that the peculiar virtues of Congregationalism might be well developed under an Episcopal administration of the Church, but by this we mean an ultimate authority and umpirage, constant watchfulness, overlooking, and visitation ; the want of some such administration is felt, we believe, throughout all or most of our Congregational churches, a bishop as the sole vehicle of sacramental grace, a peer of the realm, and a holder of immense emoluments, is quite another type of character to him whom we might desire to see restored to our midst ; yet this would seem to be the author's type of Bishop, and although

he has found it possible to say so much about the mischief of sectarians, we have no condemnation of those innumerable sins of the episcopal administration of our country, we mean the necessary evils inalienable from political relationship, which make it to be what Jerusalem of old was said to be to the people, "a burdensome stone in the midst." While we plead for freedom in Church life, we are by no means insensible to the desirability largely felt amongst us for a more perfect and harmonious Church order, we do not desire it for the purpose of what the author would perhaps call, quoting Isaac Taylor again, "the mere dramatic effect," yet we should like to change the term, to express in some way that large imposing unity, not detrimental to the interests of true spiritual freedom, which might we believe be by this unity largely subserved, we are painfully aware of that unconsciousness of real spiritual fellowship in our midst, in a state where every man seems to do that which is right in his own eyes; time was when all the brethren, or Christians in every city or suburb, ate of one loaf, and were ruled by one pastoral staff; it is quite vain to dream of the restoration of such a time or economy, but is it impossible to hope that something might be done towards it? is it vain to hope, even to believe, that several, perhaps even many, churches holding their congregational order and expediences might yet range themselves beneath one headship, would not our polity by this assume a strength, even a majesty, which it can never hope to attain amidst our little chapel bitings and bickerings where—in proportion to the very smallness of the interest, like eels in a net, every one is wriggling himself to the uppermost place? where Diotriphes, in the shape of some important tradesman, who loves to have the pre-eminence, thinks himself overlooked by his minister, whose mind moves in a larger circle of ideas, who regards his church in much the same way as he regards his shop, estimates it altogether from a paying point of view, and keeps by his restlessness things in constant agitation, and hot water, which would subside into perfect innoxiousness and calm if pressed upon by the strong tides of larger interests, and great spiritual ideas; churches want to learn to feel more that they are not estranged from other churches. We sympathise with our author in his feeling that we are unlike the saints of the best ages of the Church, that we are unlike those of the apostolic times we need something of that which our author hints, when he says in a note,

Thus, e.g., all who have truly shared in the Church's life as it was witnessed in the synagogues, into one of which it was "His custom to go every Sabbath day;" or in the "caves of the earth," where the

martyrs worshipped; and who have also spiritually shared the same life as it was developed in the magnificent temple and ritual where He likewise prayed; or as it was seen in the basilicas of Ambrose and Chrysostom—such worshippers can readily take part in the simplest, or in the most gorgeously elaborate services of devout men in these present times. The coarsely earnest worship of the rude mountain oratory, and of the barn-like chapel; the elaborate ritualism of Greece or Abyssinia; the high-toned liturgies of the Cathedrals of the West, would not seem strange to them: there, too, every such worshipper would at once recognize and sympathize with his brethren in Christ; for in all these places they would come before him in a garb and in aspects for which his life in the past would have prepared him.

Some such restoration of unity as this would, we have no doubt, tend to clear the way up to the lost Church; nor have we any doubt, while we do not attach, we suppose, to eucharistic services the meaning attached by the author, that for our present state, and for minds which must always be impressed by the signs of things, that they may become aware of the nature of things themselves. We have held the ordinances of the Church far too lightly, who is responsible, for that which is an undoubted fact, that even worshippers have greatly declined, not only from the ancient, but from the proper, sense of reverence, for divine usages, and the life of, and the dealings in, holy things, we shall not say, but we apprehend that as a fact it is undoubted that it is so; in general we have a poor ideal of Divine service, it is a concession to a usage, rather than a life of God in the soul, few men; only those of the highest order of mind can sustain their spiritual life upon mere abstractions; the very purpose of the religious service is to make the religious life concrete, to remove it from the realm of mist and shadow, to give to it suggestion, and body, and form; we need not, therefore, run with the author upon a rigid iron rail of dogma and ecclesiastical usage, the soul of man lives less upon wheels and grooves than upon wings, and great glowings of heart, but no doubt we find our way back again to the lost Church by bringing ordinances more distinctly and clearly into their mystical and spiritual light; eloquently and vehemently, as was his nature to speak, speaks Edward Irving, in words which very greatly commend themselves to our regard, when he says:—

“I do solemnly charge this religious world” (*Last Days*, p. 449), “with an earnest vehemence which will only be resented by those who have most need of his rebukes, I do solemnly charge them with the most Church-destroying spirit which the world hath ever seen, in that they are labouring to bring it to pass that the holy ordinances of the Church should become null and void. . . . Is it any thing to comfort me, in this despite of God’s ordinances, to talk like infatuated persons

about the Bible, while they despise and slight that living Church for the nourishment of which the Bible is appointed? It is as if a conqueror, after cutting up the framework of society, root and branch, and violating all its holiest ordinances, should comfort the bleeding, dying life of the people by babbling of the beauty of the fields and the plenty of the fruits of the earth, from the sight of which their eyes are swimming into the darkness of death. What mean ye, to pretend that ye are reverencing God's Word when ye are disesteeming the ordinances which rest upon His Word? Oh that ye would, like Josiah when he found the book of the law, begin to order the service of the Church, and the discipline of the Church, and the government of the Church, after a goodly sort! Speak of the Book with every exaggeration with which a Papist ever spoke of the infallible Church; speak of the Bible in whatever terms most blasphemous the ignorant covetous monks ever spake of the infallible Pope; and your language will be received, your voice blessed, your word applauded, as if you were an angel of God; but speak you any thing of the Church, or any ordinance of the Church, however gentle, however temperate, however apologetical you may be, and all voices are lifted up against you, until, methinks, it is best to refrain one's speech, and be even as a dumb man before them. There are just these two things now in esteem, human beings and the Bible; but as to any differences amongst human beings, in respect of being unbaptized or baptized, in communion with the Church or excommunicated, in a holy office or out of it, in a holy place or out of it, such differences are no more. And what, under such circumstances, can you expect, but a broken disbanded troop, shifting every man for himself the best way he can? So are we broken; and so broken will the enemy find us when he maketh his great attack."

The ancient name given to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was, *Viaticum*; it was regarded as being food for the wayfarer on his journey to his country, no doubt superstition has hung many a false idea round the ordinance, but there was something very beautiful in that term, and the idea that it implied as a food given by Christ through the pathless wilderness and solitude of this world, to the land of promise, and perhaps even the superstition which invested the truth, were nearer to the truth itself, than those bold and miserable ideas which almost eliminate the lofty, the helpful, the sacrificial, and perpetual presence of Christ from the service, and attempt to reduce it to the minimum of faith, and so pare away its spiritual power and helpfulness. We have dwelt at greater length than we had intended upon this work, which we cannot but regard, however we have dissented from many parts of it, as a most earnest, eloquent, and well meant effort, to revive faith in the great idea of the Church. From whatever point of view we read the book, if it be read thoughtfully and carefully, it can only, we believe, be productive of an

elevated state of sentiment in the mind of the reader, and to that extent it may assist in bringing us back to that which we desire to see, the belief that God has designed, and has on earth in communion with the place of spirits, a spiritual society, is a refuge and rest to the heart amidst the cruel confusions which surround it; the belief in the communion of saints surely ought to be no vain belief, how mournful soever its light may have waned down, we have too much made the Church to be what an ancient bishop called the "palace of the spirit of the world," high columns, rich balustrades, and splendid walks and careers; sadness, sorrow, and vexation can only result from such low, earthly, and material conceptions, and all these at last become to the mind a dreary ruin, nor less, if our idea of Church life and relations is a mere reception of theological dogmas and casuistry. We read in the old Church books of one who had a vision of a certain great master of logic, that when he appeared an apparition to some friend he showed him his mantle, "See this," said he, "it is filled with sophism, it clothes me, but it sinks me down, weighs upon me more heavily than the heaviest tower or loftiest mountain, it is full of sophism, it is always before my eyes, and it is always my confusion;" so has the Church sunk, weighed down by her mantle, full of sophism; or misled by the gleaming of the palace of the spirit of the world, many a theologian fancies himself on the way to the lost Church, when he is only filling his mantle with sophism, curious questions, and vain distractions, ever learning, and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth, and have in the glare of a light, not remote but very near, multitudes supposed they have found the Church, while only thronging the courts of the palace of the spirit of the world. It is well to have our attention called to the aboriginal ideas for which the society was first set up, and by contemplating the ideal, to be reminded of its uniting purpose, and thus, perhaps, to advance some few paces upon the pathway to that remote perfection which may never be realized on earth, but which is assuredly the revealed and divine design of its founder.

Ecclesia Dei is a vast subject; the contemplation of the Church of God through all ages, its men, its works, its great words, its wonderful battles through all the ages of faith; the marvellous story of strange revolutions, and crimes, and kings, and heresies, and faiths; of a glorious city of God which has seen other magnificent cities rise, and fade, and fall; which has seen the births and the deaths of the Mowbrays, Bourbons, Plantagenets, and hosen stauffen—itself and its family surviving through all changes, its mystical household complacently beholding the

millions spent upon Constantinople, or Versailles, the Escorial, or Marly; it the subject of all misconceptions, rivalries, misapprehensions; surviving mysteriously, and becoming, in spite of all, a place of rest to weary hearts. It is a marvellous history, the way of the Church; but we are not to look at this aspect of it—not at its great contentions and great corruptions, not at that great objective crime, which many regard as the Church—our purpose is different; it is not with the story of what it has been to princes, and what it has been in national politics, that we purpose to concern ourselves:—

Long were the task through each degree to trace,
 God's servant's servant to his pride of place,
 To note how, borne above his lowly birth,
 He reared his crioser o'er the lords of earth,
 To robes of empire changed his priestly gown,
 And swelled the mitre to the triple crown.
 (He bears, as porter of the ethereal door,
 A leash of crowns—not Cerebus has more.)
 Much power by fraud, by terror more was gained,
 This guilt accorded, falsehood that obtained.
 With lavish hand both saint and sinner gave,
 One stung by conscience, one to zeal a slave.
 Till the proud harlot from her seven-fold hill,
 Saw prostrate nations cower beneath her will;
 And his broad arms the peaceful fisher threw,
 More wide, Augustus, than thine eagles flew.

In a mystical tradition like that of the Low Church, which we see no reason to despise, the minds of past ages were constantly expressing the sense of something lost. What a legend is that of the "Holy Grail," the lost cup, or chalice, after which so many holy and saintly knights, like him described by our Laureate, Sir Galahad, were said to be constantly in quest:—

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

This strange dream was wrought into the literature of Europe, and exercised a spell upon its fancy for many ages. No story of Arabian wonders exceeds that singular dream of the temple of the Grail, invisible to every profane eye; that sacred cup, with its precious stone of marvellous virtue, which had once been a gem in the coronet which had bound the brows of the Son of the Morning, but which struck from thence, in the fall of the rebel angels, had wandered through space, and been wrought into the cup which held the wine of the last supper, and after

wards had held the precious blood which flowed from the side of Christ. This strange dream haunted the fancies of poets; the search for it became the ideal of Christian knighthood. What were the fancies of men busy upon, when they were guided by such dreams? Was it all the wildering work of mere fancy? or was the pained, earnest mind, seeking in some way to express its sense of that lost, but desired, reconciling truth, out of which it sought, but in no very clear or logical manner, to throw forth its fears and griefs, with its expectations and its hopes; perhaps, as it is admitted that poetry is that language in which the visions of men take their highest shape, and find their most musical sound, we may be charitable enough to the hallucination to suppose that it is not altogether worthy of contempt, that even, in fact, the search for the cup out of which the Messiah drank, and the precious stone whose celestial virtues, related to the eldest events of the fall was to replace the lost populations of the heavenly places, contained within it some such ideas as those which the author of the work before us, in a more plain, common sense-like and coherent form, seeks to unfold, such attempts to lead men back to the lost Church, and to the shining splendours of the lost cup.

V.

CLOTHING CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.*

THE age, and perhaps especially English society, could endure a new "*Sartor Resartus*." The thoughts of men and women seem to be becoming, more than ever, intensely sartorial; the *milliner*, and the *tailor*, the *perruquier*, and the *modiste*, are becoming the priest and priestesses of modern society; more than ever it seems to be true, that clothes are the man, and the woman too. It is seldom our good lot to agree very entirely with the satires and pugnacities of the *Saturday Review*, but the article to which we have referred is worthy of some notice, as illustrating a social state to which we have advanced, and which certainly leaves all the attainments of Paganism in old Corinthian, Athenic, or Roman society, far behind; descriptive of a state of things with which the quiet circles in which we move are quite unfamiliar, is it yet singularly curious to us, and brings before us a set of facts as remarkable as anything rare and grotesque among the insect tribes in the cases shrined in the museums of natural history. We know that the whole Church of England is at the present day agitated about a question of Church Millinery, and that holy haberdashery forms at this present moment an interesting question, in which the eternal salvation of men and women, who, it is to be supposed, have immortal and reasonable souls, is involved. It is known that the alb is only a white shirt, and we are told that the mysterious chasuble without which a priest is no priest, is simply an old Roman term signifying a white smock, which the Roman peasant wore on a rainy day over his coat; his *casula*, or little house, because like a little house, it invested him, and folded him in from the weather inclemencies. High Churchism discusses with exquisite learning and eloquence the functions of drapery, the attire of the priest is the priest; and he must be a bold man who can ridicule, or set at nought, those folds which are penetrated through and through with spiritual powers. Indeed, we may quote, as applicable to our times, the words in which an old English dramatist, Jasper Mayne, describes the holy work of a lady's wardrobe:—

She works religious petticoats; for flowers
 She'll make church-histories; her needle doth
 So sanctify my cushionets! besides
 My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,

* 1. *North American Review*. January 1867. Art. 6.

2. *Saturday Review*. July 13th, 1867. "Costume and its Morals."

And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor.

The author of the article in the *North American Review*, with a good deal of various knowledge and curious reading, shows how through all ages the office and influence of clothes has attained to a wonderful supremacy in men's thoughts. It might be thought that ours, which is confessedly an age of amazing enlightenment, had passed far beyond these things; but it is not so, fashion is fashion, and vanity fair has its strange and wondrous usages still. Men and women are not satisfied with attiring themselves simply for the purposes of decency and necessity, any more than the Indian warrior is satisfied with merely making himself terrible to his enemy, by his adornments of stiff feathers and glittering war paint; he seeks to become a person attractive and pleasant to himself, in fact, a warlike-savage dandy, even as the tattoo, which is said to be the oldest kind of raiment, however painful in its process of investiture, must be put on, that its possessor may assume appearances, making him an object of wonder to his tribe. We very much question whether tattoo, war paint, or the feathers of birds, have united to make savages more absurd than have some of the decorations of our modern drawing-rooms. The history of dress is an interesting chapter in the story of human folly; it is quite too long and elaborate for us to attempt to read up with the view of presenting its details to our readers. Perhaps, popular usages in this department are further removed than in most past ages from indecency, inconvenience, and absurdity, and as illustrating these thoughts of attire, it is quite impossible to say which of the sexes has carried the palm. The author of the article in the *North American Review*, to which we have referred, says however:—

Whenever the two sexes have vied with each other in the art of making themselves hideous, it is the stronger one that has generally carried the day. In passion for finery man has always kept pace with the woman, although he has usually displayed less good taste in gratifying it. He has powdered and rouged and patched. He has revelled in silk, and fluttered in brocade. He has sported a muff, cultivated love-locks, and bored his ears. He has flaunted in flowing sleeves, adorned with a profusion of Mechlin and Valenciennes,—has worn long hair, full skirts, and tight waists. If she has sometimes multiplied lace-ruffs in superfluity around her fair throat, he has sacrilegiously squandered the same delicate fabric on the tops of his boots. If she has wired up her tresses into towers three feet high, from the top of which streamed ribbons of many colours, like pennons from a baronial castle on a gala-day, he has been still more absurd at the opposite extreme, and disfigured and disabled himself by wearing cornuted shoes with the toes turned up like ram's horns and tied to his knees. If she has intrenched her-

self at times too deeply and too formidably in whalebones, and with the amplitude of her hoops has covered more of the earth's surface than one person can justly lay claim to, has he not also, in his own awkward way, indulged in "puffings of illusion" by stuffing his habiliments "with bombast and with bags," to the intense aggravation of his natural clumsiness? A sumptuary edict of the fourteenth century, which prohibits her from wearing rings on her fingers, denies him also the luxury of bells on his toes. And in a fashion-plate of the fifteenth century we have the hideous spectacle of a man of nearly threescore years attired in a low-necked dress edged with fur, whilst the short sleeves, elegantly pinked and embroidered, leave the arms almost entirely bare. And during the reign of Queen Bess, did he not encase his body in a doublet so hard-quilted that, as an old chronicler informs us, "the wearer could not bow himself to the ground, so stiff and sturdy it stood about him"? And is it not on record that in the time of James I. a scaffold was erected round the inside of the Parliament House for the accommodation of the members whose puckered and bolstered breeches were too big for ordinary seats? The gossiping antiquary, Bulmer, tells how a dandy of those golden days unwittingly seated himself on a chair with a projecting nail in it, which perforated his huge galligarr skins, so that, when he rose and turned and wriggled and capered in paying court to the ladies, several pecks of bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding, till, before he became conscious of his rapid emaciation, half the cargo was unloaded on the floor, and the luckless fop "stood there diminished to a spindle, his galloons and slashes dangling about him sorrowfully enough.

Mr. Planché, in his *History of Costume*, has shown us, and Mr. Fairholt, in his six hundred engravings, has illustrated, how curious and interesting an affair this and the art of dress is; looking through the long galleries of English portraits, of Holbien, Vandyke, Lely, Hogarth, Reynolds, and Lawrence, we arrive at a strange and curious variety of flounces, scarfs, and mantelos, shawls, chapeaux, and that pretty, and too much neglected and forgotten thing, the plain straw hat. Indeed, dress is associated with history, so far that there is a kind of symbolism in it, both in shape and in colour, and individual, national, and sectarian eccentricities, have been represented beneath the various offices, the colours, and variegated hues of drapery. It is said:—

The Protestantism of the sixteenth century is represented in the slashed party-coloured *Pluderhosen* of the German *Landsknecht*, as well as in the theses which Luther nailed on the doors of the Wittenberg cathedral. Throughout all Europe the new doctrine was identified with voluminous bag-breeches of the most variegated hues, which continued to be the prevailing mode till during the later half of the century, when the political and religious ascendancy of Spain not only put the minds of men in a strait jacket, but also invested their bodies with the narrowest, stiffest, and dreariest of costumes. With the seventeenth century,

came a reaction, and a return to freedom both in dogmas and dress, which during the Thirty Years' War degenerated into extreme license, until in 1650 the French resumed the place which they had occupied three hundred years before, as the legislators of fashion. This was the age of Louis XIV. and of perukes. The whole civilisation of the epoch is rococo, of which Le Nôtre is the genius, and Versailles, Saint Cloud, Fontainebleau, Meudon, and Chantilly are the monuments. It is the Flora of the Renaissance run wild, as the subsequent period of the queue is the same Flora dried and pressed in an herbarium. Around these two articles of dress—the perwig and the pigtail—cluster the art, the poetry, and the culture of Europe during more than a hundred and fifty years. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* The concussion of the French Revolution broke up all routine in thought and dress, and men ceased to associate

“Wisdom with periwigs, with cassocks grace,
Courage with swords, gentility with lace.”

But to the more immediate purpose of this little paper; it is true that the ruinous luxury of an age has revealed itself more especially in dress, than in any other particulars. The dramatist Massinger has said in words not unsuitable to our time:—

There are some of you,
Whom I forbear to name, whose coming heads
Are the mints of all new fashions, that have done
More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery
Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war
Or a long famine. All the treasure, by
This foul excess, is got into the merchant,
Embroiderer, silkman, jeweller, tailor's hand;
And the third part of the land too, the nobility
Engrossing titles only.

And the satirist, Charrtam, certainly did not describe the sins peculiar to our times this way, though he exposed the follies of his own, when he said: “Our manner of attiring is not good, yea, worse than to go naked, to be so fast wrapped and bound, with such a multitude and variety of coverings of divers stuffs, even to the number of four, five, six, one upon another, and whereof some are double; that they hold us pressed and packed up with so many ties, bindings, buttonings, that we can hardly stir ourselves in them.” Once, we were wont to satirize the swaddled feet of Chinese ladies, or the ruffs which men wore, nearly concealing their heads, or shoes a quarter of a yard longer than their feet, but we learn from *The Saturday Review* that, in the higher circles now, the attire of ladies, approaches that described by Rabelais, “Nothing before, and nothing behind, with sleeves of the same,” and that the modern object of female dress is to assimilate its wearers as nearly as possible, to women of a certain class, that not very long ago, two gentleman were standing together at the opera, “Did you ever see

"anything like that?" said one, with a significant glance, directing the eyes of the other to a lady immediately below, "Never since I was weaned," was the reply—the pleasant fashion not only infects the young but the old, so that it has been said, an old woman now literally does not know how to dress herself, then, as says the not too severely satirical cynic of *The Saturday Review*:

There are pearl-powder, violet-powder, rouge, bistre for the eyelids, bella donna for the eyes, whitelead and blacklead, yellow dye and mineral acids for the hair—all tending to the utter destruction of both hair and skin. The effect of this "diaphanous" complexion and "aurified" hair (we borrow the expressions) in a person intended by nature to be dark, or swarthy, is most comical; sometimes the whitelead is used so unsparingly that it has quite a blue tint, which glistens until the face looks more like a death's head anointed with phosphorus and oil for theatrical purposes than the head of a Christian gentlewoman. It may be interesting to know, and we have the information from high, because *soi-disant* fashionable authority, that the reign of golden locks and blue-white visages is drawing to a close, and that it is to be followed by bronze complexion and blue-black hair—*à l'Africaine*, we presume. When fashionable Madame has, to her own satisfaction, painted and varnished her face, she then proceeds, like Jezebel, to tire her head, and, whether she has much hair or little, she fixes on to the back of it a huge nest of coarse hair generally well baked in order to free it from the parasites with which it abounded when it first adorned the person of some Russian or North German peasant girl.

Even this is far from the worst, and we know not that we should have kept our readers' attention with this paper, but for the last extremities of filthiness, an indecency to which the modern children of fashion have ascended; we almost feel as if we were taking a freedom with purity in reciting, even for the purpose of ridiculing, the ridiculous outrage which, we understand, however, is finding its way even into other places than the west end of London, or the fashionable saloons of Brighton.

Of those limbs which it is still forbidden to expose absolutely, the form and contour can at least be put in relief by insisting on the skirts being gored and straightened to the utmost; indeed, some of the riding-habits we have seen worn are in this respect so contrived that, when viewed from behind, especially when the wearer is not of too fairy-like proportions, they resemble a pair of tight trousers rather than the full flowing robe which we remember as so graceful and becoming to a woman. It will be observed that the general aim of all these adventitious aids is to give an impression of earth and the fulness thereof, to appear to have a bigger cerebellum, a more sensuous development of limb, and a greater abundance of flesh than can be either natural or true; but we are almost at a loss how to express the next point of ambition with which the female mind has become inspired. The women who

are not as those who love their lords wish to be—indeed, as we have heard, those who have no lords of their own to love—have conceived the notion that, by simulating an “interesting condition” (we select the phrase accepted as the most delicate), they will add to their attractions; and for this purpose an article of toilet—an india-rubber anterior bustle—called the *demi-temps*, has been invented, and is worn beneath the dress, nominally to make the folds fall properly, but in reality, as the name betrays, to give the appearance of a woman advanced in pregnancy. No person will be found to say that the particular condition, when real, is unseemly or ridiculous. What it is when assumed, and for such a purpose—whether it is not all that and something worse—we leave our readers to decide for themselves. It is said that one distinguished personage first employed crinoline in order to render more graceful her appearance while in this situation; but these ladies with their ridiculous *demi-temps*, without excuse as without shame, travestie nature in their own persons in a way which a low-comedy actress would be ashamed to do in a tenth-rate theatre. The name is French, let us hope the idea is also. * * * And if each separate point of female attire and decoration is a sham, so the whole is often a deception and a fraud. It is not true that by taking thought one cannot add a cubit to one’s stature, for ladies, by taking thought about it, do add, if not a cubit, at least considerably, to their height, which, like almost everything about them, is often unreal. With high heels, *toupé*, and hat, we may calculate that about four or five inches are altogether borrowed for the occasion. Thus it comes to be a grave matter of doubt, when a man marries, how much is real of the woman who has become his wife, or how much of her is her own only in the sense that she has bought, and possibly may have paid for, it. To use the words of an old writer, “As with rich furred conies, their cases are far better than their bodies; and, like the bark of a cinnamon tree, which is dearer than the whole bulk, their outward accoutrements are far more precious than their inward endowments.” Of the wife elect, her bones, her debts, and her caprices may be the only realities which she can bestow on her husband. All the rest—hair, teeth, complexion, ears, bosom, figure, including the *demi-temps*—are alike an imposition and a falsehood. In such case we should recommend, for the sake of both parties, that during at least the wedding tour, the same precautions should be observed as when Louis XV. travelled with “the unblushing Chateauroux with her bandboxes and rougepots at his side, so that at every new station a wooden gallery had to be run up between their lodgings.”

It may be said that in all this we are ungenerous and ungrateful, and that in discussing the costume of women we are touching on a question which pertains to women more than to men. But is that so? Are we not by thus exposing what is false, filthy, and meretricious, seeking to lead what was once dignified by the name of “the fair sex” from a course alike unbecoming and undignified to one more worthy of the sex and its attributes? Most men like to please women, and most women like to please men. For, as has been well said, “Pour plaire

aux femmes il faut être considéré des hommes, et pour être considéré des hommes il faut savoir plaire aux femmes." We have a right to suppose that women do not adopt a fashion or a costume unless they suppose that it will add to their attractions in general, and possibly also please men in particular. This being so, it may be well to observe that these fashions do not please or attract men, for we know they are but the inventions of some vulgar selfish *perruquier* or *modiste*.

It is not often that we quote any words of *The Saturday Review* with much sense of fellow-felling or approval, but we have done so in this case because it is a duty to shoot at follies that fly, the severe Puritan ways, the dress and behaviour of the forefathers of Nonconformity, and Quakerism have often been severely ridiculed; it may, perhaps, be with some advantage remembered, that it was in strong reaction against indecency and absurdity they had their origin, and such usages as we have pointed out seem to indicate, not only how historically and extreme plainness of attire came to be the mode of religious life, but to call for a like, if not so extreme a plainness, purity, and simplicity, now.
